

In Memoriam: Father Albany James Christie.

THERE is no family bound together by closer ties than a religious family. Those who have taken the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, have a moral unity surpassing altogether any possible unity in the natural order. They have one end in life, the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls. From the very nature of their religious vows, they are dead to the world, in order that they may live to God. They are excluded from all distracting avocations or intimate friendships with those outside. Their constant companions are the members of their own Order or Congregation, and they are linked together, not merely by the fact that they all have one end in view, but also by the special means of promoting it which is distinctive of the religious body to which they belong.

But their friendship, in the case of many of the religious Orders, is not one of local union. Where vows are taken, not, as is the case with Benedictines, to some special house, but to the Order at large without any restriction to this or that centre, there is no such thing as a friendship which can be in active exercise as long as life shall last, and those who inhabit the same monastery or convent are only accidentally united. They are pilgrims even in their temporary home, and are ready at any moment to start for another city, or country, or hemisphere. Hence the bond, however close, has a provisional character, and lacks the tranquil repose and permanent friendship which forms the happiness of those who belong to a fixed house as their home for life, and make their rest therein. Even after long years they are still conscious that they are birds of passage: here to-day, and far away, it may be, on the morrow. We are far from saying that either one or the other system is in itself the best. Each is best in its own place and for those whom God calls to it. We are only noticing it on account of one necessary consequence which might otherwise seem to imply a want of tender and loving

affection one for another among those who belong to the religious Orders in which there is no restriction of place. The frequent removal from house to house, the continual absence on Missions and Retreats and other work for God, compels the individual to realize how in this world he is but a pilgrim and a wanderer. The monastery or residence which he calls his home is indeed a home in respect of the kindness and charity that he meets with from his religious brethren, and is endeared to him by many happy recollections. But he nevertheless sits lightly to it, regards it always as a place of transition. The frequent changes that he has to witness, or himself to make, compel him to regard change, and not permanence, as the normal condition that exists around. Some friend whom he fancied would be left for years to carry on his useful ministry departs, and he knows not whether it will be for weeks or months or years, nor whether he will return at all. He comes back after a short absence; and finds that one or another has been ordered away to India or the Cape, or to Demerara, and he knows not when his own turn may come. And so it comes to pass that departure, and sudden departure, comes to be regarded as a matter of course—whether it be for another hemisphere, or for another world, makes comparatively little difference. A few words of friendly regret, a few pleasant reminiscences, and the gap is soon filled up, and some new-comer takes quite as a matter of course the place of the member of the community who is gone.

But there are exceptions to every rule, and there are men whom it is not easy to forget, and whose familiar faces will be long regretted in their community. The sweet odour of their charity lingers long, and the consciousness of their absence is keenly felt for many a year by those who had had the happiness of a close and familiar intercourse with them.

In order to have the privilege of being one of these signal exceptions, two things are necessary. There must be in them the rare gift of gaining the esteem of those with whom they are intimate in proportion to the closeness of the intimacy. No one is a hero, they say, to his valet, and no one is a saint in the esteem of the members of his own community, unless his own inner life is such as to earn the crown of saintliness in the sight of God. The other—though perhaps it is really the same—is the exercise of a supernatural charity and patience in the little every-day occurrences which form the staple of human life. It is not brilliant talent, or a distinguished position, or the

power of command, or even the gifts of prudence, wisdom, and counsel, which endear a member of a society such as we are speaking of to those around ; it is the gentleness and meekness which is always the same, which never fails under trying circumstances, which is never impatient or abrupt or snappish or hasty or satirical—it is this that earns a place in the grateful and affectionate memories of those who have been brought into close contact with him.

We do not hesitate to reckon among those who will stand these two difficult tests, Father Albany James Christie, who passed to his reward on the morning of the first Saturday in May. It is always esteemed a privilege by those who love the Holy Mother of God to die in the month which is dedicated to her, and if each Saturday she visits the Holy Souls in Purgatory to console in their sufferings those who were devout to her, and to release all those who have any sort of claim to her intercession on their behalf, we may be sure that so faithful a client of Mary as Father Christie was speedily transported by her to the celestial Paradise, there to enjoy the ample honours of one who was indeed a good and faithful servant in the cause of his Lord and Master. We are not going to attempt a biography, but simply to gather together a few of the traits of character which were most remarkable in him, and at the same time to chronicle the chief events, if events they can be called, in his peaceful, humble, uneventful, though not unimportant life. We will commence with the facts, and then will proceed to the main features in his character.

Albany James Christie was born in London, Dec. 18, 1817, and first went to school at St. Albans, under Mr. Nash. On that gentleman's removal to Blackheath, young Christie went with him. He subsequently went to a proprietary school in Kensington Square, and for two years before going to Oxford, to King's College. He was a student from the first—quick, intelligent, plodding, conscientious, and when he left Kensington School in 1833 he was the head boy of the school, and came away laden with prizes. In 1835, through the influence of Mr. Blanco White, who was a friend of the family, he was elected to a Bible clerkship at Oriel, and during his Oxford career he was plied by that unfortunate person with letters urging upon him a study of the critical school of philosophy, of whom Victor Cousin was then the leading representative. Happily young Christie had healthy instincts, which rejected such poisonous teaching. He took his degree

in 1839, obtaining First Class Honours in Classics and Second Class in Mathematics. Soon after he gained a Michel Scholarship at Queen's, which would in due time have led on to a Michel Fellowship. His mother and younger brother came up to Oxford about this time, and for several years after his degree he lived with them, taking pupils, among whom was Thomson, the Archbishop of York, and Lord Sherbrooke, then Robert Lowe.

In 1840 the Tutors of Oriel, who had not forgotten the industry, talent, and exemplary conduct of the young Bible clerk, who had taken so brilliant a degree, invited him to stand for a Fellowship there. It happened that a close Fellowship found no competent candidate in the county to which it was limited, and was thrown open to general competition. Christie stood for it, and was elected. He had already cast in his lot with the Tractarian party after his election at Oriel, and had quite a following among the Puseyite undergraduates. His exceeding gentleness, his reputation as a scholar, his decision of character, which led others to lean on him, drew many to consult and consort with him. He was in company with Mark Pattison and Frederick Rogers (afterwards Lord Blachford), one of a little body of students gathered by Dr. Pusey in a house in St. Aldate's, which at the time was known as "the monastery." It was during this period that he translated, at the instance of Mr. Newman, a volume of Fleury's *Ecclesiastical History*.

His Tractarian opinions were so marked that when, in 1844, he applied to the Provost of Oriel for testimonials for Orders, the application was refused. He regarded the refusal as an indication of the will of God, and determined to take up the medical profession instead. He accordingly went up to London and entered at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he studied for some time under Sir James (then Mr.) Paget. While resident in London his thoughts were mainly bent on the Catholic controversy. He spent a vacation at Littlemore with Cardinal Newman, and once or twice made use of his medical knowledge to prescribe for the villagers. He used himself to tell a story how one of the "clergy" one morning visited a poor woman whose little child had been sick. "Well, how is your baby?" "Oh, please sir, Mr. Christie came last night and gave it a pill, and it died this morning!" About the same period of his life he spent the better part of one Lent at Chichester with a family who were afterwards all received into the Church. During his visit he had but one thought, on which he was

continually dwelling, rather to the annoyance of some of his companions, viz., the beauty and consistency of Romanism, as distinguished from the anomalies and contradictions of the Anglicanism to which they still clung. In one respect he did the family in which he was living a good service. They had nearly killed themselves with injudicious and excessive fasting; they literally ate nothing during Lent till 7 p.m., and then a very simple and unsatisfying collation. But on his arrival, Christie, with characteristic good sense, bethought him of writing to Frederick Oakeley, who was still a Protestant clergyman at Margaret Street, to ask how they ought to fast, and received from him the Lenten Pastoral of Dr. Griffiths, then Vicar Apostolic of the London District, which Mr. Oakeley had already himself adopted and recommended to others, and to which the family afterwards exactly conformed.

His career as a medical student did not last long. He was received into the Church in 1845 by Dr. Doyle, and in 1846 went with Dr. Newman to Maryvale. But his vocation was not to the Oratory. His mind was cast in a mould that made the career of St. Ignatius and the Rule of the Society of Jesus attractive to him beyond all else. Somehow, the complete break in the life of the Saint of Loyola, and the "wrench and rift" in his career at the time of his conversion was in harmony with the recasting of his own mental history, when he broke off from his early friends, associations, and ways of life, to enter the Church. He offered himself to the Society in 1847, and entered the noviceship at Hodder. He took his first vows in 1849, a year later went to St. Beuno's College to study theology, was ordained in 1852, and after two years' further study of Theology, was sent to Malta to teach classics and mathematics at the Jesuit College. There is a story told of his residence there, that one day a young Maltese, who was always troublesome, had been more troublesome and refractory than usual. Father Christie, who had shown the greatest patience in bearing with his ill-conduct, called him up at the end of school. "My dear boy, you must be punished, but I shall not punish you now, because I am so very angry with you." It was in the month of May, and that afternoon the boys had each of them to draw out of a box in the chapel a virtue to be practised during the month. The unruly youngster happened to draw, "Forgiveness of injuries," so, taking it in haste to Father Christie—"There," he said, "my

Father, look at this. I am sure I forgive you with all my heart." Whether he escaped the merited punishment, the story does not inform us.

In 1856 Father Christie was recalled to England, to be Superior at the Seminary at Stonyhurst and to teach Logic. On his way back he spent six weeks at the Residence of the Society at Cologne, and his conduct while there gave such great edification that the Superior of the house refused to take anything in payment of his board and lodging, saying that they were amply repaid by the good example that he had given to all. After a couple of years as Professor he was sent on the mission, labouring at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Preston for three or four years. A priest who gave a mission in Edinburgh while Father Christie was there, declared that in his district there was really nothing to be done, so thoroughly had it been worked, mentioning, at the same time, as an instance of his persevering charity, that for every day during the six weeks previous to the mission he had visited a man who had been a confirmed drunkard, and had supplied him day by day with motives which had kept him sober during the day. In 1862 he came to London to the church in Farm Street, and remained there until his death.

The history of those thirty years was not marked by any stirring events in Father Christie's life. A regular and careful observance of every rule, an abounding kindness and gentleness, a most exact maintenance of religious discipline, a devoted love of the poor, an unfailing compassion to all in trouble, a readiness to go anywhere or do anything, however irksome to nature, that could promote the salvation of souls, a continual cheerfulness and even joyousness in the community, a humble desire to be always the last and lowest, an utter abasement of self, joined, however, to a very keen appreciation of the dignity of a priest—such were some of the characteristics that marked throughout the life of the holy man who has passed away.

For several years he had charge of the Young Men's Catholic Association. There are many of its members who still recollect the undying and indefatigable energy with which he organized for them excursions to St. Albans, Cambridge, and Canterbury, and enabled them to join the pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Edmund at Pontigny. He also established an association of young work-girls, who used to meet every Monday evening. He himself was always present, and took the greatest interest in them.

Under his superintendence little entertainments were got up for their benefit, and simple plays acted by them. He also organized for them various excursions into the country, and through his agency they had the opportunity of joining the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial. He collected funds most assiduously for their expenses, and catered for them with that provident thoughtfulness which was one of his characteristics. The pilgrimage was not as fortunate for others as for those under his care, and provisions fell short in the course of the journey. The *train des pèlerins* having been drawn up at some station where no provisions could be obtained, many of the first-class passengers were almost starving. Seeing Father Christie go by carrying some well-filled baskets, they stopped him and begged for a share. "I am very sorry," was the answer, "but they are all bespoken already." With his usual prudence he had laid up a store for contingencies, and his work-girls were better fed than those who would gladly have paid largely for a supply of eatables. To the little performances of his work-girls he always invited the Fathers at Farm Street, and treated an acceptance of the invitation as if it were a personal favour done to himself.

Father Christie's whole life consisted of work for others. Its predominant feature was his self-denying charity. He was the devoted and indefatigable friend of all who were in trouble or distress. His gentle, kind, compassionate manner, was in itself a consolation to them. He sorrowed with their sorrows, and was distressed by their distress, yet all the time he was ready with powerful topics of consolation and motives of hope. When he had charge of the domestic management of the house and of the funds for the poor, he never sent away any of the Fathers who asked for money without giving them full satisfaction. "How much do you want, my dear Father?" and the sum asked was never refused, unless his own knowledge of the person in whose behalf it was applied for, convinced him that it ought not to be given. He was full of resources for helping any one who needed help, and always found a way out of their difficulties for those whose case ordinary men would have declared hopeless. He had quite a passion for aiding poor converts to obtain situations as tutors or governesses. If he had a weak point, it was that his exceeding charity for those who were looking out for work sometimes made him take too favourable a view of their qualifications. But with all his gentle charity, he was exceedingly

quick in detecting an impostor. "I think I would not give that person anything," was his charitable dissuasion in the case of one whom he knew to be worthless. He was slow, indeed, in coming to a conclusion unfavourable to any applicant, but when once such a conclusion was formed, any one who attempted to impose encountered at his hands a just severity which did not encourage a second application. But to all who were really in trouble, his compassion knew no bounds, and above all and before all to those who were great sinners. He had the Divine gift of being kind to them in proportion to their sin. One who had committed all kinds of iniquity was advised to go and make a general confession to him. After he had finished he expected at least some severe remarks on the guilt and blackness of his sin. But to his great relief, the only sort of reproof he heard was this, "Oh dear, how you must have been tempted!"

Father Christie's power in the confessional was certainly very exceptional. He had an extraordinary gift of putting his penitents at their ease. His welcome to them made them feel at home at once. He gave them the impression that it was a real pleasure to him to hear their confession. Nor was the impression a false one. His love for souls made him always ready to hear any one who came to him, and he went to his confessional not reluctantly, as a task imposed by duty, but eagerly, as one who goes to hold council with a friend he loves. He used to be playfully accused by some of the Fathers at Farm Street of wandering at all hours about the church and asking people who were kneeling there whether they wanted to go to confession. His power of sympathy with his penitents was wonderful. He was a true father, and more than a father to them. No one could fail to recognize in him a very high standard and an uncompromising strictness. Yet this was joined to such an exceeding compassion and tender love for sinners, that he, like his Master, drew all men to him. A person who went to consult him under very difficult and trying circumstances, afterwards declared, and not without good reason: "I never knew any priest who so completely gave me the idea of what our Lord must have been when He was on earth." To this sympathy was joined another gift—an astonishing sagacity in divining the wants, the circumstances, the state of mind of those who came to him. He showed a wonderful skill in guessing, with a sort of supernatural instinct,

at the motives likely to move the individual, whether to conversion or to sorrow for sin. He was once thrown for several weeks at a sea-side place with a highly educated man, well read in controversy. He did not attempt to argue with him—simply urged upon him day by day one single thought: "How can you, who have so clear a conviction that Christ founded on earth a Church that was His Spouse, be content with such a miserable mass of inconsistencies as the Anglican Communion?" Not long after he received his companion into the Church. To a convert who lamented, almost despairingly, that after many years of being a Catholic, he had made so little progress, Father Christie answered: "Your experience is just the same as my own, except that I have been far longer than you in the Church. Forty years I have been a Catholic, and day by day I am more and more ashamed of myself. I am so distressed when I think how I have failed to correspond to the grace of God, that I often suffer in my soul a sort of physical pain."

He not only sympathized with his penitents, but actually identified himself with them, saying *we* (not *you*), in order to convey more delicately advice or reproof. To those who were in great sorrow he was fond of pointing out what a special privilege it was to share in our Lord's derelictions. "How can we wonder or complain," he used to say, "when God allowed His own Beloved Son to cry out, just before His Death, 'Why hast Thou forsaken Me?' When I think of it I cannot restrain my tears, *it does seem so unkind*." He used to dwell especially on the mercy of God, and to say that God would prefer that any of the Divine perfections should be called in question rather than this. He was fond of insisting on the great allowance that God makes for imperfections that arise from physical weakness. In this respect his medical experiences stood him in good stead, and helped him to understand the way in which body and mind act and react on each other. He was received into the Church on St. Luke's day, and seems to have received from the Saint a special grace of compassion for bodily, as well as spiritual, infirmities.

He was most assiduous in visiting the sick, and almost every afternoon in the week made some such visit of charity. No fear of his forgetting or setting aside the appointment; as certainly as the clock recorded the hour he had named, Father Christie was at the door. How many hundreds are now in Heaven whose sick-beds were cheered by his genial and sympa-

thizing presence. He somehow won the hearts of all. Even the servant who let him in was sure to receive a kind word. At one house, where the eldest son had a long illness, and Father Christie had visited him almost every day, the housemaid remarked, after the funeral was over, "Well, I'm sorry Master Henry's dead, for now that man of God will not come to the house any more. I'm sure he brought a blessing with him. He seemed to talk to me just as affably as to my master and mistress, and to treat me quite respectfully." What else was this save the reverence that holy men entertain for all, of whatever degree, because they see in all the image and likeness of God?

Father Christie at one time received into the Church more converts than almost any other priest in London. Among his converts were men and women of every class: men of the highest education and position as well as a large number of the poor. One day two young Puseyites, both of them now priests, went into the church at Farm Street. One of them, who was already on the threshold of the Church, had some difficulty which he desired to lay before Father Christie, and leaving his companion outside (who was himself travelling the same road but had not advanced so far) went into the little room, where he sat to hear confessions, to consult him. When he came back into the church Father Christie followed him, and beckoned in the one who was waiting outside. In a moment Father Christie put him at his ease, though he went in rather reluctantly and dreading the interview, and by asking judicious questions drew him on to explain to him his whole position, his doubts, his difficulties, his partial sympathy with things Catholic, his still remaining prejudices as to certain doctrines of the Church. Instead of any sort of reply to his objections or attempt to argue, he played the judicious part of a good listener, merely remarking from time to time, "How exactly you recall my own experiences!" "Just the very thoughts that formerly passed through my own mind." "Ah, yes! I well remember how that difficulty kept me back." The visitor had found the friend he needed, and a second visit soon followed and then a third. Before many months had passed, both of the two friends were numbered among Father Christie's converts.

His gentle and patient charity to those outside the Church was, however, joined to a hatred of heresy, which used to break out sometimes in the little circle of the community. He never

read any Protestant newspaper or Protestant book, unless indeed for the purpose of refuting its errors. Anything of a Protestant character was, in his eyes, of itself essentially evil. This did not arise from any want of understanding of the objections and difficulties of Protestants, for it would be hard to find a priest so skilful as he in giving a reasonable and satisfactory answer to any Protestant argument. I have often said to him, What is the best answer to make to those who raise this or that objection to the Church, or who say that they are held back by this or that plausible motive? and I have never failed to receive from him a reply exactly suited to the occasion. Of course this was partly the result of long experience, but it was more than this. He had a sort of supernatural gift of hitting on the answer which would content the objicient, whether educated or uneducated. If he could not make an inquirer see the force of a direct answer, he would take him in flank and thus bring him round to see the falsity of his position. It seems as if both his ingenuity and his patient gentleness were quickened by his appreciation of the evil of heresy and by his anxiety to save from it the souls that were dear to him for his Master's sake. If he hated heresy with a wholesome hatred, Liberal Catholicism was no less an object of abhorrence to him. The very name of Liberal was enough to rouse him, and we would sometimes maliciously tease him by a pretended defence of some opinion that he considered tinged with Liberalism. If he were pressed hard, he would sometimes stop short, and after listening patiently, would good-humouredly meet us with a descending gamut of "Ha, ha, ha, ha," which became quite a proverb in the community, as a sign that Father Christie considered that a subject had been carried far enough.

It was in the close and familiar intercourse of the community that Father Christie's thoughtful charity was the most remarkable. He treated all with so much respect. If any one was absent for only a short time, he never failed to meet him on his return with friendly greeting, if the absence was at all a long one, he would come up to his room to welcome him back. Even during his last illness, when every effort was irksome to him, he never failed to perform this office of charity. It was the same in trifles; his neighbour at table would never be forgotten if Father Christie was by his side, and only a day or so before his death he got up from his place, slowly and with

difficulty, to fetch something which he fancied was wanting to one at the same table with him. On the very eve of his death one of the Fathers met him just outside the door waiting for the cab in which by medical advice he was to take an afternoon drive. The cab had not arrived, and Father Christie expressed satisfaction at its absence, but his satisfaction changed at once to regret when he learnt that his companion was going to a distance and in a direction whither he might have driven him. All the community at Farm Street will remember how the good old man would slyly watch for an opportunity to carry round in recreation milk or sugar at coffee time, that he might minister to his brethren, and how if any one else offered it to him, he would take it with the almost unfailing remark, "There's a good, kind Father!"

To visitors in the house he showed a self-sacrificing courtesy and hospitality rarely found even in a religious community. There is scarcely a Province of the Society of Jesus in which there are not found some who gratefully remember the self-denying, thoughtful kindness of Father Christie, when as the Minister of the house, he had to look after any who were passing through London on their way to and from the Continent or elsewhere. His room was always at their disposition, and it was no uncommon sight at the time when the rooms were few and the visitors many, to see some three or four foreigners seated in his room, while he himself was standing, *Bradshaw* in hand, searching for the trains to carry them to their destination, or pointing out to them in the map of London or the guide-book the chief points of interest that they ought to visit. All these may seem to be trifles, but they are trifles that indicated not merely a continual readiness to oblige, but a readiness to oblige at the sacrifice of his own personal comfort and convenience.

His conversational tact and attractiveness was one of his most effective weapons in the service of his Master. One day he was travelling from the north of England, and at the station an old lady seeing in a second-class carriage a respectable middle-aged gentleman whom she mistook for an Anglican clergyman, asked him if he would take charge of her two daughters who were going up to town. Father Christie could not refuse, and having accepted the charge, did his best to turn it to good account. He showed his two *protégées* his accustomed courtesy, chatted pleasantly with them, and soon won their

confidence. Gradually he brought the conversation round to the subject of religion, and elicited from them that there was one class of people whom they regarded with strong dislike, viz., Roman Catholics. With a quiet twinkle in his eye he led them on to confess that of all Roman Catholics they dreaded priests the most, and among priests they had a perfect horror of Jesuits. The announcement was received by Father Christie with perfect equanimity; he made no attempt to controvert it, but simply sought to elicit from them the grounds of their aversion. Of course they were the usual commonplaces of Protestant prejudice. Their clerical companion listened patiently, and when they had finished, broke to them as gently as he could the fact that he himself belonged to each and all of these detested classes. Ashamed of their unintentional rudeness to their kind companion, they made what apologies they could, and listened with open ears to Father Christie's assurance that he himself had once shared their opinions, and to the simple and interesting account that he gave of the way in which he was undeceived. The end of it was that they promised to pay him a visit. The first visit led to a second, and the second to a third, and I believe, though I am not sure, within a few months that they were received into the Church by him.

With all his great gentleness he very exactly enforced religious discipline on those under his authority. One day when he was Minister at Stonyhurst, a young scholastic, not yet ordained priest, received instructions from the Rector to accompany some of the elder students at the College on an expedition to a neighbouring village, which was a favourite resort for fishermen and holiday-seekers, in order that his presence might exercise a wholesome influence over the students, without being any sort of restraint to their free enjoyment. The Rector told him to join in their amusements, to dine with them, smoke with them, and put them as much as possible at their ease. After dinner he went out for a stroll, accompanied by two of the students and Father Christie, who was in charge of the party. Cigars were produced and offered to the two Jesuits. Father Christie refused on the ground that he never smoked, and the scholastic, acting on the instructions given him, accepted. Father Christie showed a scarcely perceptible sign of surprise, but said nothing, and chatted pleasantly with his companions. The next day, however, after recreation, he followed the scholastic across the playground, calling after him, "Mr. A——." Mr. A——, suspecting what was coming,

pretended not to hear and quickened his steps. But the call became louder and nearer, and at last he was obliged to stop. "Mr. A——," said Father Christie, "I am quite sure that you had a good reason for smoking that cigar yesterday, but I should be glad if you would tell me what it was." "Yes, Father, the Rector told me to." "Oh! I thought it was so. I *knew* you had a good reason."

At Farm Street, when he had charge of the temporals of the house, a lay-brother, who for some reason or other was a little out of temper, came into the refectory and banged down the teapot on a table where Father Christie was sitting. "Brother," said Father Christie very quietly, "take up that teapot again and put it down properly." At Stonyhurst, when he was the Superior of the Seminary, some scholastics, just at the end of recreation, asked leave to fetch some eel-spears from the College to spear the eels in the pond. Before he had time to answer, the bell rang which announced silence time, and the request received no answer. But at the evening recreation, after the usual salutation customary in the Society, *Laudetur Jesus Christus*, had been given, Father Christie opened the conversation by the remark, somewhat perplexing except as a continuation of the previous recreation, "Yes, you may fetch them."

We must say a word respecting Father Christie's literary labours and accurate scholarship. He did not publish much, and aimed rather at stimulating the efforts of others than at writing books of his own. His metrical version of the Exercises of St. Ignatius, though it did not mark him as a great poet, showed no trifling degree of poetical ability. It is essentially the work of a highly cultivated and well-read man, who had mastered the spirit of the Exercises, and dressed them up in the form of verse with a tasteful ingenuity which makes the volume very pleasant reading. He also published, in 1886, a *Retreat of Eight Days*, which was originally printed in 1874 for private circulation. It is a systematic and well-digested series of meditations on the Exercises of St. Ignatius. In 1869 he delivered a course of five Lectures in the Church at Farm Street on *Union with Rome*. These Lectures were afterwards published in pamphlet form, and are a valuable contribution to controversial literature, as they state with great force and simplicity the Roman claims, and furnish a carefully-worded and telling answer to the ordinary Anglican difficulties. Perhaps

the literary work which was the dearest to Father Christie himself was the magazine started in 1872, under the title of *Catholic Progress*, the editorship of which was, during the ten years of its existence, virtually in his hands. It was thought advisable to allow it to drop in 1881, and we are inclined to think that one of the hardest trials of Father Christie's life was to resign himself to the suppression of a magazine which had been so successful, and which he regarded as the means of doing much good. One or two simple plays on Christian subjects, and a pamphlet on Luther, complete the list of books published by him.

Father Christie was fond of running down his scholarship, on the ground that he had never been at a Public School, but his self-depreciation was quite at variance with the high estimate formed by those who knew him. At the last recreation at which he was present, some question arose as to the quantity of the word *Japones*. He declined to give an opinion on the ground that nothing save a Public School education gave the necessary instinct of accurate quantity. It was but a device of his humility; his scholarship was most exact. He had an excellent memory and had the chief classical authors at his fingers' ends. One day, during the time that he was a Professor at Stonyhurst, a pupil challenged his explanation of a word on the ground that it was at variance with the interpretation given in Smith's Dictionary. "Yes," answered Father Christie, "I have had reason to change my opinion since I wrote the article." The retentiveness of his memory was well known to all who had to do with him. Canon Oakeley once wanted to know whence came the oracle about Camarina.¹ The question was referred to Father Christie, who simply said: "You will find the reference at the bottom of the page in the *Lyra Apostolica*, headed, 'Uzzah and Obed-edom,'" and there accordingly it was.

Among the interesting relics that Father Christie left behind him, is a little diary from the beginning of the year 1891 till his death, in which he noted down each evening various details respecting himself, chiefly the faults which he had committed during the day. His last two years were years of great suffering to him, and he felt most acutely his inability to work. He used to go from time to time to the Rector's room and ask him whether he might be allowed to do a little work, and expressing the pain that he felt at being, as he said, a

¹ μή κίνει Καμάρινα; ἀκίνητος γὰρ ἀμείνων.

burden on the house. But he went away quite contented when he was told that his work at present was to do nothing, but to try and get up his strength. Father Christie's diary is a most edifying little book; sad, indeed, in that it tells of much suffering, but very consoling as a testimony to his humility, exactitude, patience, and eminent virtue. From it we learn that he suffered much from sleeplessness at the beginning of the year. On January 6th, he writes: "My sleepless nights wither me;" and again on the 7th, "Sleepless night;" but we find few such entries after January 7th. The chief topic is his own faults. He accuses himself of impatience, discourtesy, discouragement and want of cheerfulness, pride and profaneness, and other faults, the very mention of which seems strange to those who had so often admired in him the opposite virtues. Sometimes little reflections are inserted: "Had I always been in good spirits, how self would have put all else out! Present desolation drives me to God!" On Monday, April 6, he writes: "The end is nearing! seeming change in sight. *Da mihi fidem.*" On Monday, the 20th: "Told not to meditate; God is calling me." And a week later: "Suffering; how much more I might suffer! *Deo gratias!*" And on the day before his death (Friday, May 1): "Want of generosity; shamed by reading St. Francis Xavier. After Mass *all gone*. Oh, if only worthy to die!" This is the last entry. That very night God heard His servant's prayer for death, so often uttered during his illness, and answered his complaint of his own unworthiness by showing that, if he thought himself unworthy, God judged him worthy after his long and faithful service to pass from earth into the celestial Paradise.

Father Christie's name is one that will live in the memory not only of the members of the Society of Jesus, but of the almost innumerable number of those who have been saved from sin and brought nearer to God by his self-sacrificing and indefatigable kindness. His reward in Heaven will be a very great one, as will be the reward of all those who have left behind them the sweet odour of a supernatural charity. To him we may indeed apply those words which form the first antiphon of the Common of Martyrs in Paschal Time: *Sancti tui, Domine, floreunt sicut lilium, alleluia; et sicut odor balsami erunt ante te, alleluia*—"Thy saints, O Lord, shall bloom like the lily, alleluia; and shall be before Thee like fragrant balm, alleluia."

English Art in 1891.

IT is a difficult task to give a general and unbiassed appreciation of contemporary English art, not only because the influences at work amongst the artists of to-day are so various that we can hardly be said to have a school of a distinct character, but also because—to one old enough to remember how one fashion has followed another, and how artists who were but lately highly esteemed are now forgotten or despised—the fear of being influenced by preconceived ideas, or led away by the prevailing fashions in art, is enough not only to prevent any dogmatism on the subject, but even to make one distrust one's own well considered and well supported opinions.

One thing, however, can be asserted without fear of contradiction, and it is that in technique there has been an enormous advance in recent years. The younger men have the power of representing what they see before them with a force and a truth unknown to the previous generation of artists. But this power is, after all, but a means and not an end. As Louis Veuillot has well said, “Le peintre qui ne voit qu'avec l'œil et ne peint qu'avec la main n'est pas peintre, il faut un troisième outil. On est peintre comme on est poète, orateur et musicien, par l'élévation du sens moral, par le don de voir *beau* et de dire *beau*.” And this is admitted by all artists who take a high view of art. Thus Mr. Poynter, R.A., in his *Lectures on Art*, has declared that imitative painting is the lowest form of art, the mere groundwork of ideal art, like the language in which the poet expresses his ideas.

There is, however, a modern school who, with the formula of “Art for Art's sake” for their motto, would make the imitation of nature the final end of art. Naturalism is to be one of the notes of the New Age inaugurated by the Revolution. What is the outcome of the frank acceptance of this teaching may be seen in the exhibition of pictures in Paris, which are disgraced by scenes of blood and vice, and indecencies. Here in England a healthier public feeling has so far checked this

downward tendency, and the worst that can be said of the works of our realists is that they are sometimes ugly, and suggestive of enlarged instantaneous photographs, and are generally uninteresting. The dangerous tendencies of some of the current ideas on art have been recognized not only by Catholic writers, as Mr. Lilly and Dr. Mivart, but also by Protestants. The author of an article on "The modern French Novel," in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, has told us that there has arisen in France "a truculent host of 'physiological novelists,' 'scientific realists,' and other strange apparitions who, raising aloft that identical banner of nature and freedom, have inaugurated the decadence or the demoralization of French art generally, and of romance in particular." And, in an able article in the *Church Review* on French art as seen in the Universal Exhibition at Paris, the writer, commenting on the extraordinary technical dexterity there displayed, and its accompanying poverty both of subject and of thought, says, "The painter has been apparently much more concerned with the form of the language employed than with the actual message he had to deliver. This, then, is the great danger of French art, this is the rock which must be avoided, if in this last decade of the century it is not to sink into emptiness and barrenness. Already, if we are not mistaken, the public mind is a little inclined to grow weary of these brilliant and elaborate feats of technical dexterity which are so constantly before its eyes, and is beginning to hunger after a more satisfying food." And speaking of "Impressionism," which boasts the communist Courbet as its originator, and which has its votaries amongst us, he tells us that the subjects in which they seem to revel are "ballet-dancers, milliners' shops, suicides, and beer-drinkers." Truly the French are more logical than we are, and they show us what comes of the rejection of the ideal in art.

It is difficult to understand how any artist can devote his time and his talents to the reproducing of scenes which, if not offensive and ignoble, are utterly unattractive; and the greater the ability shown, the greater must be our regret that it was not devoted to subjects of interest and beauty. Mr. Poynter attributes this misapplication of talent to "the fact that artists, from motives of indolence or interest, have allowed themselves to be led by the opinion of the public, instead of being, as of old, indifferent to it, or themselves leading the way to a better appreciation on the part of the public of the capabilities

of art." There may be something in this; but, after all, a painter has to live by his profession, and he will never do so if he runs counter to the popular tastes. An artist, or group of artists, can scarcely hope to influence the public taste as can the picture dealers or the art critics. In any case, however, the painter who has cultivated the faculty of mere imitation—to the exclusion of anything like idealization or even selection—naturally limits his choice of subject to the prosaic and unpicturesque life around him. He finds his material ready at hand, and it saves him the trouble of thinking. It is quite true, as Ruskin says, that the painters of all times have found "the vital truth in the vital present;" but in other ages their surroundings were beautiful and picturesque; and the Italians and the Flemings, with the utmost naïveté and sincerity, utilized the life around them, with all its wealth of costume and of architecture, on themes beautiful and poetical in themselves—legends of the saints and the rest. But, with us, the "vital present" is so ugly and so prosaic that it is bad enough to have it always present, without having it perpetuated on canvas.

Of course tastes differ, but the power and the skill displayed in the rendering of Herkomer's "On Strike," or of Stanhope Forbes' "Salvation Army," does not reconcile us to them as works of art. Moreover, the scale on which these and many other such subjects are painted, is surely wholly incommensurate with their real interest.

Where we welcome the manly and vigorous realism of our younger school is in portraiture and in landscape. In portraiture, because what we need is rather the "counterfeit presentment" of the sitter, rather than an idealized representation. Nowhere is our English school so strong as in that branch of the painter's art, and the enormous prices paid for portraits attract some of the ablest of our artists, so that portraiture is no longer confined to the professional portrait painter, and has gained thereby immensely in freedom from convention and mannerism. Lecky tells us that "Reynolds at the first charged ten guineas for his three-quarter-length portraits, twenty guineas for his half-lengths, and forty guineas for his whole-lengths, and these prices were raised in successive periods to fifteen, thirty, and sixty; to twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred; and finally to fifty, one hundred, and two hundred guineas. Gainsborough painted portraits at first at five, and soon after at eight guineas for a head, and he finally settled

at forty guineas for a half-length, and a hundred guineas for a whole-length portrait. Romney, who was for a time looked upon as a formidable rival to Reynolds, is said to have made in his most prosperous days about four thousand a year from his portraits."

We are told that five hundred for a half-length and one thousand for a full-length are no unusual prices at the present time, and that the late Mr. Holl made as much as twenty-four thousand pounds by his portraits in one year. It would be interesting to know if future collectors will give their thousands for the highly-paid portraits of our Millais, and Holls, and Herkomers, just as the collectors of to-day give them for the works of the founders of our English school of portraiture.

Realism has invaded the art of the landscape and the sea-painter, and they have, we think, gained by it. Turner, and Constable, and Stanfield painted their pictures from studies and sketches from nature, leaving thereby greater scope to their imaginations, which often resulted in very poetical works. But, nowadays, many of our painters camp out in the face of nature, and thus realize it with a breadth and a force and a truth unknown hitherto. Nature is always beautiful, and the more realistic the representation of it is, the more delightful it is to the dwellers in our overgrown cities cut off from the charms of nature itself. For ourselves, however, we cannot but regret the absence of idealized and poetic landscape and figure pictures, of which Frederick Walker and Mason gave us so many charming examples. Dr. Mivart thinks the modern love of nature essentially Pagan, and that "pantheism exhales from the endless painted repetitions of wood and water, moor and sea, which line the walls of our annual exhibitions," but this would seem to be a somewhat pessimist and exaggerated view. If our landscape painters are pantheists, surely they are so unconsciously, and one cannot but regard landscape painting as one of the healthiest and most innocent forms of modern art.

If naturalism is in the ascendancy now, and ideal art is of small account with us, it is because idealism has fallen on evil days. As Mr. Goschen reminded his hearers at the Royal Academy dinner, "Religion has in times past supplied the painters with their sublimest themes: but the cold frost of scepticism in these days of ours has nipped and stunted the growth of religious enthusiasm, and has frozen the aspirations

of passionate belief which has characterized the times of other painters." Hence religious art is at a discount, and, judging from two examples in the Academy, it is well that it is so. For treated as they are from a materialistic point of view, under the baneful influence of Von Uhde—that "Ibsen of painting," as an admirer has called him—they are revolting to Catholic sentiment.

Our readers may remember that the art critic of the *Guardian* praised Von Uhde "for the boldness with which he had taken religious art out of irons, and set it on a way which may lead it far." How far his example has already led to an utter want of reverence in the treatment of religious subjects, may be judged by what we read of a picture now exhibiting in one of the Paris *salons*. The title given is "Mary Magdalene at the Pharisee's House." But Mary Magdalene is a modern sinner, and the Pharisee and his guests, with the exception of Jesus, who is dressed in the traditional flowing Eastern garments, are all men of the present day, and only half-disguised portraits of Parisian notabilities. Prominent among them is M. Rénan, as the host, behind him is a gentleman in a swallow-tailed coat.

Though unwilling to accept Mr. Burne-Jones' art, and especially his religious art, without great reservations, yet we must admit that his "Star of Bethlehem," a decorative picture of the visit of the Magi exhibited in the New Gallery, has many admirable qualities. His art is confessedly founded on that of the Italian painters of the early Renaissance, but he rejects much of the traditional treatment to which they always adhered. His Magi are not in the act of adoring. He does not follow the example of his prototypes, by putting nimbi round the heads of the Holy Family, or in accepting the traditional colours of St. Joseph's robes—probably because it would have interfered with his scheme of colour—and the introduction of a very archaic angel, holding the Star in his hands, is a decided, and not a happy, innovation. The type of the head of our Lady is his invariable one, and the same which he bestows impartially on his Venuses and his other mythological personages, as well as upon his angels. We do not admire Mr. Burne-Jones' imitators, but we think that his admirers may be right in thinking that his own reputation will live as that of a great designer, an imaginative artist, and one skilled in decorative art beyond all his English contemporaries.

Those few of our artists who aim at the ideal seek it in

Pagan subjects—Sir Frederick Leighton leading the way with his very artificial, if often very beautiful, art. This accomplished artist has declared that the true aim and function of art is "to intensify in the spectator that perception of what is beautiful in the highest, widest, and fullest sense of the word, through which he may enrich his life by the multiplication of precious moments akin to those which the noblest and most entrancing music may bestow on him through different forms of æsthetic emotion." Whether his art has this effect on others we cannot say. We confess it does not lift us out of ourselves into "regions of pure and penetrating enjoyment," as he says it ought to do, and we are forced utterly to repudiate his philosophy of art, which ignores God, and would make art an appeal to the senses, rather than to the intellect. Scant sympathy have we with the much sham classicism to be found in this year's exhibitions, and with that multiplication of representations of the nude—the highest Pagan ideal—to which it has led. Fortunately our artists are neither so seductive nor so lascivious as are the French; but, as so many of them seek their artistic training in Paris, and make it their greatest ambition to follow in the wake of the French school, it is to be feared that our exhibitions will no longer be distinguished by the absence of all that can shock Christian modesty. The literature of our "advanced" writers, the teaching of some of the self-constituted leaders of art criticism, the mischievous meddling with questions of morals in art congresses, have been doing their work slowly but surely. A few years back we could not have supposed that women would exhibit undraped figures, or that a writer of some reputation would declare that he was "quite incapable of understanding how any work of art could be criticized from a moral standpoint, and that the sphere of art and the sphere of ethics are absolutely distinct and separate, and it is to the confusion between these two that we owe the appearance of Mrs. Grundy"—that such Puritanical criticism "is always marring the artistic instinct of the English, and it makes one despair of any general culture in England." In these days, when to be thought wanting in culture is considered by many such a serious matter, such teaching is specially dangerous.

In face of all these false theories, one feels the truth of that saying of Cardinal Newman's, "We cannot do without a view, and we put up with an illusion when we cannot get a true one." One of the most mischievous of these views, and one which

makes modern art so purposeless and our exhibitions so uninteresting, is that art must not be "literary." It has, we regret to say, found strong champions even in the Catholic Press; but to adopt this theory would mean the exclusion of a host of pictorial subjects which would tend to elevate art, to excite the imagination of the painter, and touch the heart of the spectator. As has been well said: "The critic who has adopted the latest and most puzzle-headed of formulas, shudders at a painting that has anything to do with poetry, or that contaminates itself with a story. His simple idea is that poetry and stories are necessarily 'literature,' whereas the poetry and the story are, of course, a common property. It is, of course, true that, given a story, the best moments for the writer and the painter are not necessarily the same. The moving and the speaking moments belong to the writer; the scene and the still moments belong to the painter." And as Ruskin, years before this theory had been formulated in the interest of the realists, wrote: "Poetry consists in a noble use whether of colour or words. Painting is properly to be opposed to *speaking* or *writing*, but not to *poetry*. Both painting and speaking are methods of expression. Poetry is the employment of either for the noblest purposes."

After all, what are the subjects which absorb the attention and the labours of those who reject "literary art"?—dismal death-beds, as in Mr. Filde's "Doctor" and in Mr. Dicksee's "Crisis," or a funeral, as Mr. Bramley's "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," or the hardly less depressing preaching scenes, Mr. Stanhope Forbes' "Soldiers and Sailors," or Mr. La Thangue's "Mission to Seamen." Indeed, the Newlyn school seem to revel in the dismal; but then their surroundings must be depressing, in a Cornish village inhabited by Dissenting fishermen. Mr. Chevallier Tayler, at least, is to be congratulated on his having broken fresh ground in his very able "Departure of the Fishing Fleet, Boulogne."

Unfortunately, amongst those subjects which might be classed as "literary art," there is nothing very striking to which one could point as an example of the opportunities such subjects offer; on the contrary, there are several which display gross ignorance and bad taste, and which are especially offensive to us Catholics. Of these the worst is Mr. Calderon's "St. Elizabeth of Hungary's great act of renunciation." The historical falsity involved in the objectionable treatment which this subject

has received at Mr. Calderon's hands is obvious to Catholics, and has met with general disapproval. It is felt that its purchase by the trustees of the Chantry Fund will perpetuate a gross outrage on Catholic feeling, a libel on the Saint's director, and a revolting offence against the memory of one of the noblest and holiest of matrons. Surely, as the whole is based on a blundering translation of the Latin of the author Mr. Calderon quotes, it is not too much to ask that before this picture joins the Chantry Bequest Fund pictures at South Kensington, Mr. Calderon should at least clothe the naked figure of the Saint. This would only be a proper reparation to make, and would put to the test the sincerity of the motives which led Mr. Calderon to paint his picture, and his fellow-academicians to choose it for a public gallery. Unfortunately, now that Stanfield and Herbert are dead, there is no Catholic amongst that august and irresponsible body, or such a scandal could surely never have arisen.

Another picture offensive to Catholics is the Hon. John Collier's "Waiting for the Accused." It is conceived in the good old Protestant spirit, and represents a party of Inquisitioners in joyful anticipation of the torture of some champion of "the Reformed religion." Was this too a bid for the honours of the Chantry Bequest Fund collection? And the last that may be noticed, though there may very likely be others, is the so-called "Victory of Faith." The treatment of this subject does not show that reverence for Christian martyrs which they demand at the artist's hands. Here again there is good ground of complaint against the hanging committee of the Royal Academy. Why should such a picture be placed prominently on the line, when it has not even the merit of originality, the idea having been borrowed from a popular work by a Belgian painter?

It is impossible to deny the marvellous imitative power and the beauty and skill of execution displayed by Alma Tadema in his two pictures at the Royal Academy and at the New Gallery. And yet the common complaint is that his pictures are wanting in human interest. Is not this proof enough that even perfect execution palls on one, and that for a really great and noble work of art something else is needed?

CHARLES GOLDIE.

Why do we study the Classics?

RECENT discussion has again brought into prominence the question of classical studies, and of their efficiency as an instrument of education. No one denies their peculiar value as a means for acquiring general culture; yet a claim has been put forward that the student who devotes his attention to mathematics, natural science, and modern languages may be dispensed from the study of the classics. Now whatever advantage these particular studies possess (and certainly they should not be neglected), they do not possess the especial fitness and adaptability of the classics for doing a certain work which must needs be done if a youth's education is to be at all complete. The so-called practical and modern subjects of study do indeed improve the memory, the reasoning faculties, and the matter-of-fact side of our minds; but they leave uncultivated and almost untouched faculties equally important from an educational point of view: I mean poetic imagination, the quick perception of and warm attachment to beauties of idea and style. The study of the classics, while it has to the full this latter advantage, does not, on the other hand, neglect the peculiar work accomplished by those other rival branches of study.

As Professor Ramsay says:

Scientifically taught, Latin or Greek will give the teacher the same opportunities of bringing out the faculties of observation and inference which are afforded by scientific study. Pointing out at every step the logical relations involved in the use of cases, moods, and tenses, he will lead the mind to mark uniformities and differences, and to grasp the causes of each—to form gradually generalizations, and note the limitations to which each is subject—and thus advancing by regular logical processes from the known to the unknown, become gradually familiar with modes of inductive and deductive reasoning strictly analogous to those supposed specially to belong to science.

The translation of a sentence of any author from one language into another, is of itself a means of sharpening our

perception of the meaning of language, and of cultivating a habit of accuracy. But when the passage to be translated is a choice extract from the work of some man of genius, from one of the fine writers of ancient Greece or Rome, and the language into which we translate this passage is our own, then the labour is still more improving, and lays the first foundations of correct taste and of excellence in composition and style. The more difficult the task is, the more lasting is the impression made. What is slowly learnt is not easily forgotten. There may be half a dozen ways of rendering some Greek or Latin phrase into its equivalent English, but of these one must be the best. Now to discover which rendering out of several is the best, requires attention, observation, reflection, discrimination, industry, and research; and when by means of daily practice we have made the exercise of these faculties a habit, we shall find in the long run, that the outcome is just those qualities of depth, accuracy, judgment, delicacy of perception, sureness of touch, variety and wealth of illustration, harmony and comprehensiveness of conception, which go to make up the character of the scholar and the man of taste. It is impossible to go on, day after day, examining into the signification of words, and investigating their roots and derivation; weighing their various meanings, one against another, in the judicial balance of our minds; and then by way of trial adopting that which seems the best, until having looked before and behind and all about to see if it suits the context, we are able finally to decide as to its appropriateness; it is impossible to go on repeating regularly such exercises as these, without stimulating the mind to exertion, widening its view, steadying it in its operations, and imparting to it that elasticity, that energy, that severity, that accuracy, that lucidity, and that firmness of grasp which are qualities approved of all men.

If the education of the boy is to be useful to the man, then that course of study will be the best which implants and fosters in the youth those particular qualities which will best enable him to cope with the difficulties of life, and to compete successfully in the struggle of the world into which he is about to enter. Attention, observation, reflection, acuteness, self-restraint, caution, accuracy, decision, judgment, are habits best formed by that course of study which most exercises them. Now there can be no manner of doubt that the hastiness of youth, inconsiderateness, precipitation, want of regard for others, lack of

observation and of attention, are defects which will be best corrected by such a course of mental discipline as is necessitated by a careful study of the classics. For in his daily exercise of construing Greek and Latin, instead of rushing headlong into a sentence where he would be hopelessly lost, a youth must, if he would make out the sense, act invariably according to the canon of strict logical procedure, and take first the nominative or subject of the sentence, then the predicate or verb agreeing with it, then the object governed by the verb, with all the clauses and phrases depending upon and modifying each of those parts respectively, according to the well-known rules of their necessary agreement in number, gender, case, tense, mood, &c.

As a writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*, for February, 1880, says:

The order of the words is an essential element in any language, most of all in inflectional languages like Latin and Greek. The order of the words represents the logical order in which the genius of the language requires ideas to succeed one another; and unless that logical order is grasped and mastered, we lose the logical and imaginative process involved in taking the ideas of one age and people and transmuting them into those of another. Unless we study the order of words in a language, we cannot get at the way in which the people who used it thought; and until we can *think* in a language, we can neither understand it thoroughly nor use it correctly—much less use it with force or elegance. The simple fact is that the order of the words is part and parcel of a language, and that without the order you have not got the language.

If order be important in modern languages, of far greater importance is it in a language like Latin, in which the order is so elastic and variable that a speaker can almost turn it which way he wills so as to bring out the sense he wants, and present his ideas exactly in the order in which they will tell most.

Thus do we lead forth, strengthen, form, and educate the faculties of our mind while we at the same time improve and cultivate our taste. For the subject-matter of these studies is not itself dry, tedious, and unmeaning, devoid of interest and destitute of beauty, but a literature of matchless grace and charm; rich beyond all others in expression; faultless in grammatical arrangement; symmetric and exact in every, even the smallest, detail; clear, precise, and appropriate in its terms; in short, an acknowledged pattern of the highest excellence of form, dealing, moreover, as regards its matter, with the world's history, dwelling on a story of common interest to all mankind,

which describes the most heroic actions of our race, and has thereby in all ages fired the imagination and ennobled the affections of men, and led them on to emulate the lofty examples which it sets before them.

Thus, with their souls nourished on works of genius, their minds opened and instructed in the secret springs and ultimate results of human action, their hearts kindled with the noblest impulses, their imaginations fascinated, quickened, and adorned by the most beauteous images—made familiars of the wise and great of the Golden Age of human history—do our boys develop into men possessing a degree of polish, instruction, enlightenment, and ennobling sympathies, worthy of their education, as their education has been worthy of them.

Enough has been said by way of introduction to show the deep and wide bearing of our subject. To descend, however, to particulars, and to state definitely and precisely how this general office of sharpening, training, and expanding the faculties of the scholar's mind is performed, I will endeavour to explain in detail how the study of the classics (1) affords a ready and efficient instrument for demonstrating the force and application of the fundamental principles of grammar, and (2) is an excellent means of learning those three essential qualities which lay the first foundation of a good style, namely, clearness, terseness, and propriety of expression.

Now the chief function and great advantage of grammar is, that it brings system and classification so to bear on its subject-matter language, as considerably to abridge the labour of correct composition.

Speech and reason are two things so closely allied, that amongst the Greeks one and the same word stood for both. If a man is unable to say what he means, that is, to translate reason into language, he will be understood to mean what he says. This woeful but common consequence of ungrammatical speech results from the fact that reason can be best made known only by properly expressed language, that is to say, by the aid of grammar. Hence, as has been well observed, "A knowledge of the right use of speech, of the laws of language, and of the principles of grammar, is the necessary introduction to all other parts of knowledge."

Now, the most highly intellectual of all nations was the Greek, and after the Greeks come the Romans. Both the

Greeks and the Romans, each in their day, slowly elaborated for themselves a language which is a pattern of order, precision, and correctness. In these two classic languages, therefore, the rules of grammar common to all languages can be best learnt and exemplified.

For, as we must observe, there are certain principles of grammar which are of universal application and common to all languages, since they represent, or are the outcome of, the invariable processes of that faculty of reason which is identical in all men. But in order to be able to discriminate what is of universal application from what is local, national, and particular, that is, peculiar to one language and not to another, it is necessary for us to have an acquaintance with at least two languages, and if three can be learnt, all the better. With our own language we are familiar from our earliest infancy, and our constant use of it is of itself a hindrance to our reflecting adequately upon its structure. To throw light upon our own language, nothing is more useful than to be able to compare and contrast with it the various and different forms presented by some other language. The knowledge of a strange language widens our experience, and by the exhibition of so many points of contrast and divergence, clears our view and strengthens our conscious grasp of it. Hence, if we wish to illustrate the structure and characteristics of the English language, we cannot do better than compare it with some other language as different from it as may be. Thus, English, which, like all modern tongues, abounds in articles and auxiliaries, will be most systematically taught and explained if contrasted with Latin and Greek, two languages which are chiefly remarkable for being inflectional. As the anonymous writer in the *British Critic*, for January, 1841, says,

A close analysis of two languages in order to a course of study is indispensable ; if these can both be brought to the test, and examined through the medium of a third, we shall have a larger field for the illustration of varieties of structure and their limits.

For, in the study of these dead languages,

Every fact is brought to the test of principles. And by employing a third language, our mother-tongue, as the medium of interpretation or common measure of the two, we unconsciously carry on a precisely parallel investigation into that also ; since the operation of assigning English equivalents to Greek and Latin phrases compels us to exchange

the vague and general conceptions arising from an empirical knowledge for a definite notion of the real significance of the terms we employ, and their relative functions in the language of which they form a part.

The more regular the language we thus use as an instrument for instruction, the fewer exceptions it contains, the fitter it is for our purpose. Languages so closely approaching perfection as Greek and Latin—two languages the very counterpart, one of the most intellectual, ingenious, and philosophical of nations, the other of the most practical, the most methodical, and the most commanding—form in themselves the fittest school of all in which to acquire those general principles of grammar, which underlie and run through all languages, and amongst others modern English. In Latin and Greek every word fits into place by aid of the various necessary inflections of case, gender, voice, tense, mood, and number, with the same precision and indispensable fitness as the various pieces of a child's puzzle go to make up the figure of a house or animal; in English, on the contrary, the same effect has to be brought about, and the proper sense obtained, by the use of suitable auxiliaries, and of words unchangeable in termination and in form.

To quote again the anonymous writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*:

To understand the various ways in which subordinate clauses can be used in Latin is a severe logical and linguistic discipline. It requires the student to take his own language to pieces—to analyze the thought—to grasp the logical relation of the parts to the whole; and having done so, to forge them into a new shape, in which those logical relations are accurately and scientifically expressed.

The first step towards a proper rendering into Latin must be a careful analysis of the English. It is this that makes the study of Latin so valuable. A boy can translate into a modern language almost without thought; but to translate into Latin he must first penetrate to the fountain-head of the thought, and thence descend again by new channels into new forms of speech. Not a page of English can be found which does not bristle with points which are totally non-Latin in form, and which can only be made into Latin by first extracting the kernel of the thought, and then transmuting it into Latin—the vague everywhere replaced by the exact, the abstract by the concrete, the indefinite by the positive. Such a process, I need scarcely say, is as valuable for gaining a mastery over English as over Latin; it is in this way that English and English grammar should be taught.

For all purposes of education, Latin grammar has "justly been regarded for its clearness, its facility, and its consistency

as the *general* grammar;" so that, as Mr. Sidgwick declares, "The education of *recasting* can be properly got from classical prose-writing alone. It is hardly an exaggeration to call prose composition the microcosm of a liberal education."

Again, another author says:

To the knowledge of grammar as a science, and therefore to a scientific comprehension of English grammar, as well as of the general principles of language, the study of some tongue organized with a gross and palpable machinery is requisite, and the laws of syntax must be illustrated by exhibiting their application in a more tangible form than can be exemplified in a language so destitute of inflections, and so simple, and consequently so subtle, in its combinations as the English, . . . an advantage eminently characteristic of the Latin, the speech of masters, not of men. . . . The Latin grammar has become a general standard, wherewith to compare that of all other languages, the medium through which all the nations of Christendom have become acquainted with the structure and the philosophy of their own; and technical grammar, the mechanical combinations of language, can be nowhere else so advantageously studied. . . . We must turn to the speech and literature of Rome, the great source of scientific grammatical instruction.¹

And elsewhere he says:

The language and literature of ancient Greece constitute the most efficient instrument of mental training ever enjoyed by man. (p. 73.)

To understand then our own language scientifically and thoroughly, we must compare it with some other. To set it before us in its distinct individuality, we must contrast it with some language different from itself. To isolate it, as it were, in our minds, and to embrace it in one clear and well-defined view, we must consider it in various relations, and look on it from all sides. In other words, in order to see and understand our own mother-tongue as it is in itself, we must detach ourselves from it, and raise ourselves above it by the aid of abstraction, making use for the purpose of some other language as a stepping-stone, from which, further, as from an elevated platform, established upon ground already made sure beneath our feet, we can look down upon the outstretched map of our own language, and direct our investigations to any point we may require.

The study and comparison of the grammars of several languages cannot, in the nature of things, but direct attention

¹ *The English Language*. By George P. Marsh, pp. 70, 71, Lect. iv.

to the grammatical groundwork or general principles common to them all; whilst the distinct characteristics peculiar to each of these different grammars must rivet the attention more particularly on the language we should study most, and on the grammar we use continually, viz., that of the English tongue.

Hence, in the Report of Lord Clarendon's School Inquiry Commission, in 1862, we read:

All masters appear to be agreed that nothing teaches English so easily or so well as Latin grammar; and next to that they would place some other foreign grammar, such as French.

And again:

Not a few schoolmasters declared that boys who learnt Latin beat boys who did not learn Latin, even in other subjects with which Latin had no direct connection.

And some even stated that they would teach Latin, if only for two years, and even to peasants, if peasants could be induced to learn it.

The Rev. S. T. Hawtrey, a mathematical assistant master at Eton, stated before the same Commission, that he had established for children of the labouring class, at Windsor, a school in which he taught them mathematics and Latin grammar,

In order that they may apply greater intelligence to the ordinary duties of life, . . . because I can teach boys grammar quicker by initiating them into a new language than I can teach it in their own language. . . . I find I can produce, and do produce (to use a commercial phrase) a better article, one that fetches a higher price in the labour market by this training, than, I think, is produced by any other.

As Mr. Eve, himself an experienced teacher, says:

To such of us as have undergone a severe classical training, it is distinctly helpful to connect the French, Italian, and Spanish forms of the verb To Be with the Latin. . . . Latin is the natural vehicle for the teaching of grammar, and the logic associated with grammar. One of the best illustrations of this is the extreme difficulty that boys who have learnt no Latin often find in making a German verb govern an accusative.

Grammatical correctness, however, is not the only thing necessary for writing good English; our composition must have the accompaniment and adornment of style. The essence and

characteristics of a good style may be difficult to define; but certainly no style can be deemed worthy of the name that does not possess in some eminent degree these two indispensable qualities, perspicuity and vivacity—clearness and warmth of colouring. Now, to the acquisition of excellence of style nothing contributes so much as precision, terseness, and propriety of expression; and of such style we have the best examples in the classical writings of Greece and Rome. Indeed, without such patterns as these before our eyes, we should scarcely be able to learn what beauty of style meant; just as, without the far-famed master-pieces of ancient sculpture preserved in our museums, all our ideas of the principles of art would be “vague, obscure, inaccurate, and indefinite”—terms that have been not inaptly applied to every modern language when compared with the superior excellence of Greek and Latin. Hence it has been said that for purposes of education Greek is gold, Latin silver, English but lead or iron.

Cardinal Newman has defined the work of translation to be a problem, “how, two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first.”

It was “by constantly seeking English equivalents for Latin idioms that Pope,” says Mr. Courthope, “found out many subtle secrets of harmony in his mother-tongue.”

Now this is a study evidently requiring attention, first to single words and phrases, and then to the construction of the sentence as a whole. Of this latter, Professor Bain has well said :

It is an aid to readiness, ease, correctness, and effectiveness of composition, to be led to examine the structure, arrangement, and constituents of the sentence. We may dispense with this training, but it will be to our loss; we shall not compass the art of style so rapidly in any other way.

Again, to quote the words of Mr. Mason :

Improvement in English style is the result of constant practice in expressing a given thought in a fresh language, and of the constant effort to do this with the utmost obtainable clearness, neatness, and force, . . . the exact reproduction of thoughts and meanings cast in a different mould from one's own, and expressed in a different and unfamiliar tongue.

Furthermore, in this task of translating from and composing in a language different from his own, the advantage to the

learner must be measured by the excellence of the medium through which instruction on so nice a point as style is conveyed. What then can be said for the selection of Greek and Latin as vehicles of instruction and instruments of education?

Of Greek, Blair in his lectures says :

The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a style accurate, clear and neat.

The acute and subtle genius of that refined people [says Gresley] found a separate word for every connection, modification, and transition of thought, so that their language is, beyond dispute, the most perfect that has ever existed.

It is a language at once copious and precise, flowing and exact. Moreover, besides being endowed with a smoothness, a flexibility, and a harmony beyond compare, the Greek language is remarkable for the vividness, the rapidity, the readiness, and the directness, with which it brings objects before the eye. By its peculiarity of construction the narrative is in Greek made strikingly picturesque, life-like, and dramatic.

For Latin, it may suffice to quote the words of the late Professor Kennedy :

The literature of the Romans is distinguished above others by directness and lucidity of expression. This is mainly due to the practical sagacity which was their distinguishing characteristic; but partly also to the conditions under which their literary works were composed. There was then no eager public demanding daily information and periodical criticism: consequently there was no popular literature. As reporters did not exist, we have no trustworthy remains of spontaneous eloquence. The orations that have come down to us are either master-pieces redacted by the orators themselves, or speeches attributed to eminent men by historians. Hence both in matter and form they are the products not of extemporaneous eloquence, but of literary labour. Moreover, in the case of the ancients, the limited character of their scientific and other information, and the comparative want of fecundity and diversity of ideas, made artistic expression in every branch of art more easily attainable. The simplicity of conception and purity and unity of execution, which distinguish the great works of antiquity, are denied to a modern writer by the very profusion of thought and material which surrounds him.¹

And here omission should not be made of a strong testimony of the ancients. There is a letter of Pliny to Tuscus,² which

¹ *Public School Lat. Gram.* p. 568.

² Book vii. letter ix. (Melmoth's Translation.)

we moderns should lay well to heart in discussing modern theories of education. In it he says :

You desire my sentiments concerning the method of study you should pursue, in that retirement to which you have long since withdrawn. In the first place, then, I look upon it as a very advantageous practice (and it is what many recommend) to translate either from Greek into Latin, or from Latin into Greek. By this means you will furnish yourself not only with proper but brilliant expressions, with a variety of beautiful figures; and, in short, acquire a nervous and powerful style. Besides, by imitating the most approved authors, you will find your imagination insensibly catch their flame, and kindle into a similar warmth of invention; at the same time that those passages which you may possibly have overlooked in a common way of reading, cannot escape you in translating; and this method will also enlarge your knowledge, and improve your judgment. After you have read an eminent author, it may be proper, in order to make yourself more perfectly master of his subject and argument, to turn, from being his reader, to be his rival, as it were, and attempt something of your own upon the same topic; and then make an impartial comparison between your performance and his, in order to observe in what points either you or he have most happily succeeded. It will be a matter of very pleasing congratulation to yourself, if you should find, in some articles, that you have the advantage of him, as it will be a great mortification if he should rise above you in all.¹

What then is the style of which we speak? Style, we may say, is to argument what colouring is to the picture. When the artist has drawn his picture with correctness, and thrown its outline on canvas, thus setting its whole form and figure before our eyes by means of a few skilful and well-directed strokes, it has still to be filled in with many a varying shade and touch of colour, before it can produce upon us the peculiar charm and full beauty of effect that belong to the finished

¹ "Vertere Græca in Latinum veteres nostri oratores optimum judicabant. Id se L. Crassus in illis Ciceronis de Oratore libris dicit factitasse. Id Cicero sua ipse persona frequentissime præcipit; quin etiam libros Platonis atque Xenophontis edidit hoc genere translatos. Id Messallæ placuit: multæque sunt ab eo scriptæ ad hunc modum orationes . . . et manifesta est exercitationis hujusce ratio." (Quintilian, *De Institut. Orat.* l. x. c. v. n. 2.) Cicero says, "*Continebar autem doctissimorum hominum auctoritate, qui existimabant, græcis exercitationibus ali melius ingenia posse.*" We read in Livy (ix. 36): "Habeo auctores, vulgo tum Romanos pueros, sicut nunc græcis, ita hetruscis litteris erudiri solitos;" and according to Quintilian, "A græco sermone puerum incipere malo, quia latinum, qui pluribus in usu est, vel vobis nolentibus perhibet; simul quia disciplinis quoque græcis prius instituendus est, unde et nostræ fluxerunt." (*De Institut. Orat.* l. i. c. i. n. 12.) See Vallaury, *Orationes* (Edit. 1852), p. 336. The literary impulse given to Rome by coming in contact with Greece is acknowledged by all.

painting. So it is with language. Our composition may be appropriate and correct, our argument without a flaw, our language clear, chaste, simple and expressive, and yet our discourse may fail to strike the mind or touch the heart; it may fall flat and cold upon the ear, unless each phrase and member has its proper tone or colour, and the whole is clothed with becoming beauty: in other words, with excellence of style. Style adds grace, charm, life and strength, to everything we say, and, like the philosopher's stone, turns all it touches into gold.

Now both in letters and in the arts good taste and the accomplishment of style can best be formed upon the model of the classics. As the young draughtsman goes every day to the picture-gallery, in the hope that by unwearied attention and continual practice he will at length acquire the delicacy of touch and finish of style characteristic of the master it is his ambition to imitate, so assiduous study of the best examples of literary composition improves the taste and insensibly impresses on the mind those canons of good writing or of style which all acknowledge and wish to follow.

After the memory, then, has been formed and exercised by the tasks imposed in early school days; after the reason and judgment have been expanded and strengthened by the study of the method, the rules, and the niceties of grammar; after exactness, vigour, and elasticity have been imparted to every faculty, the imagination must next be brought into play, and richness, variety, and artistic polish bestowed upon it, by familiarizing it betimes, at an age, that is to say, when it is most keen and impressionable, with the noblest products of the mind of man as they are enshrined for us in the writings of classical antiquity.

For artistic feeling and the sense of beauty are, in germ at least, connatural to man, and require only suitable environment and occasion in order to become manifest. What sculpture is to the block of marble, that exercise and education are to the mind of youth. But as no artist can work without a model, so the educator must endeavour to awaken and to stimulate the dormant energy of his pupil's instinctive yearning for the beautiful by setting before him the most finished specimens of composition and perfect patterns of good taste in writing.

For this purpose, then, we were early made acquainted

with the clear and simple style of Nepos; with the purity of diction, the directness, the limpidity, and calm serenity of Cæsar; the sweetness and elegance of Virgil; the polish and refinement of Horace; the richness and dignity of the well-balanced cadences of Cicero; the majesty of Livy; the terseness and epigrammatic brevity of Tacitus. With such masters continually before our eyes we cannot fail to learn something of the art of style, and feel a desire to imitate those excellences we observe in others.

Moreover, the literature of the classics is such that under a good teacher it may serve as the text for most varied instruction, while it offers naturally and continually the occasion for eliciting and directing the higher aspirations of our nature and our finest capacities for good. To begin with, they bring us at every step into direct and intimate contact with some of the wisest and best of men, and, by recounting their words and acts, knit us in the closest bonds of sympathy with our fellow-men of every age. There is not an interest, a passion, a duty, an occupation common to mankind, which the classics of Greece and Rome do not touch upon with a delicacy, a truth, a beauty and a melody of expression, that we should seek in vain in the literature of any modern language.

The very fewness of the authors and works to which we have access is a proof of their worth and excellence; for only the best, as a rule, have survived the wreck of time. The worthless no one cared to preserve, and the superfluous had no claim on the interest or labour of the copyist.

Then the subject-matter of the classics is itself one teeming with interest and instruction. To say nothing of the history, geography, and religion of the ancients, of their gods and mythology, of their manners, customs, and pastimes, of their government and rulers, of their colonies and public works, of their ideas and aspirations, of their arts and schools of learning, of the lives of their great men—how many a lesson of practical wisdom and of heroic virtue do they not at one time or another convey? A wise and attentive teacher will not let any such instructive passage pass unobserved, but will so temper and direct the story of the original author as to enable it to make its mark, and leave neither a false nor an exaggerated impression. Thus day by day there will flow into the soul of the learner a constant stream of high thought and lofty

ideal, which will gradually lift him up out of the narrow sphere of his own self-interest and natural inclination, and bring him into unison with the best and bravest of his kind, engaged in working out the grand scheme of the world's ever-unfolding history.

Lastly, we must reflect that from Greece and Rome we have derived not only great part of our own language, but in still greater part our modern civilization, philosophy, law, government and civil administration. If we are ignorant of the language and of the literature in which it is acknowledged all that we have inherited is enshrined, we shall remain ignorant of the true characters and ideas which those two nations impressed on their institutions, and consequently we shall be unable to penetrate into their full and perfect meaning. Surely it is worth while to learn the language of those who have formed the intellect and shaped the destinies of all succeeding ages. While, it must be remembered, these two languages, far from being of little use in every-day life, form the truest key to the right understanding of the English language, both as regards etymology and construction, and offer the best introduction to French and the Romance languages, and even to German, whether as regards tense and case-endings, or origin.

To quote in conclusion the words of a former American Minister at the Italian Court.¹

The English student who has mastered the Latin may be assured that he has thereby learned one half of what he has to learn in acquiring any continental language. The thorough comprehension of this one syntax has stored his mind, once for all, with linguistic principles, of general application, which, without this study, must be acquired over again, in the shape of independent concrete facts, with every new language he commences. The Latin syntax, in fact, embraces and typifies all the rest, and he who possesses himself of it, as a preliminary to varied linguistic attainment and research, will have made a preparation analogous to that of the naturalist, who familiarizes himself with the scientific classification and nomenclature of the study he pursues, by the critical study of some perfectly organized type, before he attempts to investigate the characteristics of inferior species.

JOSEPH HIRST.

¹ Marsh, *Ibid.* p. 245.

On the Development of Electrical Industries.¹

THERE can be no doubt that, up to the present time, America has far surpassed all other countries in the development of electrical industries. So rapid, indeed, has been the growth of these industries in America that it is practically impossible to get exact figures, up to date ; for the figures obtained, after diligent research, are already left behind, before the time for using them has come. I can state, however, with confidence, as regards electric lighting, that there are more than three hundred thousand arc lamps now at work in the United States, and more than three million incandescent lamps. To supply current for these lamps, it is necessary to provide machinery working up to not less than six hundred thousand horse-power. Now, if you try to realize the number of steam-engines and boilers required to generate this enormous mechanical power, the number of dynamos required to convert the mechanical power into electrical power, the tons' weight of iron required for the field magnets of these dynamos, the tons' weight of copper wire required for the coils of the magnets, the thousands of miles of copper conductors required to distribute the current, the millions of carbon rods required for the arc lamps, the millions of carbon filaments for the incandescents, and the arc lamps themselves, and the glass globes, and the mercury air-pumps, and last, though not least important, the thousands of busy hands required to shape and fashion all these various materials to their proper use,—you will begin to form some idea of the activity of the electric lighting industries in America, and the need there must be of intelligent and well-trained minds to plan, contrive, invent, control, before such an industry can be created and maintained in successful operation. From a commercial point of view, the magnitude of these industries is indicated by the fact that the capital already sunk in them

¹ A Lecture delivered before the Royal Dublin Society, on April 1, 1891, by the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D., D.Sc.

amounts to three hundred million dollars, or about sixty million pounds sterling.

When we pass from electric lighting to electric railways, though the figures are not so enormous, the progress made during the last few years is hardly less striking. In the year 1885, there were just three electric railways in America, with an aggregate length of eight miles. At the close of last year, there were upwards of two hundred electric railways, with an aggregate length of two thousand miles. But the work done in the past is looked on as little more than an experiment: and the experiment having proved successful, the construction of electric railways is now going forward with extraordinary activity. I will give you one or two examples.

Minneapolis, one of the chief towns of the State of Minnesota, is situated far away to the west of the great lakes. In the autumn of 1889, an experiment was made there, with electricity as a driving power, on a short line of tramway. The result being favourable, the tramway company resolved to convert the whole of the horse and cable tramways of the town, amounting to eighty miles of track, into electric tramways; and not content with that, they have added thirty miles more to the system, making in all one hundred and ten miles. A similar change is going on in the neighbouring town of St. Paul, where the horse tramway, extending over seventy miles of track, is being converted into electric tramway. It is said that the cost of the electric plant for these two systems of tramway amounted to about £400,000.

The tramway system of Boston consists of about two hundred and forty miles of track. A great part of this system is already worked by electricity, and the remainder is in process of change. The Street Railway Company some time ago ordered seventeen electric generators, each of four hundred and eighty horse-power, making eight thousand horse-power in all, to work the various lines; and yet we are told that double this quantity of power will be required when the scheme now on hand is completed.

An incident recorded in the *Street Railway Journal* of America shows how admirably the electric cars accommodate themselves to the movement of large masses of people. One evening last summer, an open-air spectacle was given by the celebrated Barnum in the suburbs of Boston, at which several thousand people were gathered together. The place of exhi-

bition was close to the station of the electric railway ; and when the spectacle was over, seventy electric cars were started in eighteen minutes, at about the rate of four cars every minute, and carried four thousand people back to Boston, without the slightest hitch or accident.

Street tramways in America have difficulties to contend with which are but little known in this country. Frequently in the winter the lines are covered deep with snow, and powerful snow-ploughs must be sent over them before the cars can start. But the electric current has proved itself equal to the task of driving the snow-ploughs, and in the early part of last winter the Boston Electric Railway Company provided itself with twenty-five such ploughs, of massive dimensions, each fitted with two electric motors of fifteen horse-power each.

The method commonly adopted for driving electric cars, in America, is very simple and inexpensive. Each car is fitted with one or two electric motors, fixed under the floor of the car, and the current is supplied from a central generating station by means of overhead conductors. To mount these conductors, two lines of posts are erected, one on each side of the street or roadway ; light steel wires are run across the street from post to post, and the copper conductors are suspended from the steel wires, at a height of eight or nine feet above the cars. Connection is made between the conductors and the motors by means of a light rod—something between a fishing-rod and a walking-stick—projecting from the roof of the car. To the end of this rod is attached a small copper wheel, with a groove in it, which runs along the conductor when the train is in motion, thus allowing the current to pass through the rod to the motor ; from the motor the current passes to the rails of the line, and through the rails the circuit is completed back to the generating station.

Accumulators, or storage batteries, have also been tried in America for driving electric cars, but they cannot compete, in point of convenience and economy, with the system of overhead conductors. So far as I can learn, not more than thirty miles of electric railway in America are worked by storage batteries, out of two thousand miles actually in operation.

The electric cars travel usually at the rate of three or four miles an hour in the more crowded thoroughfares of a city, but the speed is increased in those parts where there is not much carriage traffic, and, in the suburbs, it reaches fifteen or sixteen

miles an hour. Travelling by electricity is exceedingly popular, and it is found that a change from horse traction to electric traction is always followed by a considerable increase of traffic.

So far I have spoken only of the electric light and of electric tramcars in America. But the electric current is also eminently useful as a motive power, that can be brought home to the manufacturer and the artisan for every variety of industry. It is, in fact, the most convenient and economical agent for distributing power that has ever yet been invented. A great generating station may be set up in any convenient locality where steam power or water power is available. The power thus provided may be converted into an electric current by means of dynamos; and this current, flowing over a network of conducting wires, through the streets, lanes, and alleys of a city, may be carried into workshop and factory, with the same ease and certainty as the waters of the Vartry River are conveyed, through a network of pipes, to the houses in Dublin, from the distant valleys of Wicklow. When we consider the great advantage to the artisan and the small manufacturer of having ever ready at hand a motive power suitable to his wants, which he can turn on at a moment's notice, as he turns on a water tap, and which he can turn off with equal facility when his work is done, we can hardly doubt that the electric motor has a great future before it for industrial purposes. Nevertheless, the actual use of the electric motor in this respect, even in America, has been comparatively small. I find that in April, 1890, there were fifteen thousand such motors at work in the United States, in connection with about two hundred different industries.

As a practical example of the price at which electric power can be supplied, under favourable circumstances, I may refer to the operations of the Rochester Brush Company. This company works its generators by the power derived from the falls of the Genesee River, and furnishes current to about five hundred motors, at the rate of £15 a year for one horse-power, £25 a year for two horse-power, £52 a year for five horse-power, and £146 a year for fifteen horse-power.

It must of course be understood that there is a certain loss of power in the process I have described. There is first a loss at the generating station, in converting mechanical power into electrical power; again there is a loss at the workshop or factory, when electrical power is converted back again into mechanical power; and there is also a loss of power in the network of

conductors through which the current is conveyed. These losses, in the aggregate, may be estimated under ordinary conditions at about thirty-five or forty per cent. of the whole output. But the loss is more than counterbalanced by the great economy of generating all the power required for a large area at one central station, and the great convenience to the manufacturer of having his power always ready at hand, when he wants it.

The progress of invention in matters connected with electricity has been quite as great in Europe as in America, perhaps I might say it has been greater. But the extent to which electricity has been practically adopted, as a source of light and power, has been incomparably less. Most of the great capitals—London, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Madrid, Rome, Milan—have electric light stations which are fully equal to anything of the same kind existing in America. But the electric light is much more widely diffused in America through smaller towns and villages than it is in Europe. Then, as regards electric railways, we have seen that they are already an established institution in America, whereas, on this side of the Atlantic, they have hardly yet passed beyond the experimental stage. I think I am well within the mark when I say that the total number of miles of electric railway now running in all Europe, is considerably less than the number of miles of new electric railway added to the American system in a single month.

I will not weary you with an account of particular installations on the Continent of Europe; but I should like to say a few words about the recent progress of electrical industries in Switzerland, because it seems to me that Switzerland, for its size, has done more than any other continental country towards the development of these industries; and also because the progress made in Switzerland presents some features of especial interest to us in this country.

At the close of 1889, there were three hundred and fifty-one electric light installations in Switzerland, of which eleven were central stations for public lighting, and the remaining three hundred and forty were separate installations for hotels, mills, and factories. In somewhat more than half of these installations the motive power was obtained from falling water; in the other half, the motive power was steam or gas. Besides the electric light installations, there were twenty-four stations for transmitting power by means of the electric current. The

power so transmitted was, in almost all cases, obtained from falling water, and varied from two horse-power to two hundred and eighty horse-power. The distance over which it was carried varied from a few hundred yards to ten kilometres, or about six miles.

But much has been done since the close of 1889; and I will now give you one or two illustrations of the work undertaken during the past year, some of which is already completed, and some is still in progress. In Geneva twenty turbines are placed in the River Rhone, a short distance from the point where it flows out of the lake, which yield an aggregate of four thousand four hundred horse-power. One half of this power, which is the property of the municipal authorities, is let out to an electric lighting company, and the company is bound by its contract to supply current for lighting the streets and houses, at the rate of fivepence farthing for what is called with us a Board of Trade unit. I may say that in this country the electric lighting companies are allowed to charge at the rate of eightpence per Board of Trade unit; so it appears that the citizens of Geneva get their electric light much cheaper than we are likely to get it, for some time to come.

Here, then, I think, we may learn an interesting lesson from the economy and efficiency of Swiss management. In the first place, the civic authorities get a good rent for their water power; next, the electric lighting company make a profit from the manufacture of the electric current; then the citizens get a pure and brilliant light at a moderate cost; and lastly, all these good things are extracted from "the blue waters of the arrowy Rhone," which for ages flowed idly by, and now at length have been turned to account for the development of industry, wealth, and comfort.

Another interesting example occurs on the Rhine, where it runs along the northern frontier of Switzerland, separating that country from the Grand Duchy of Baden. Last year a Swiss company obtained a joint concession from the Swiss and Baden Governments, to draw off a certain amount of water from the river, at a place called Beuggen, and to convey it by a canal, two miles long, to Rheinfelden, where they are constructing a central station for the supply of electric light and power. The minimum flow of water at Beuggen has been estimated at three hundred cubic metres a second; and the company has been authorized to draw off the water at the rate

of two hundred and ten cubic metres a second, which will yield them, at their works, one thousand horse-power day and night, at all seasons of the year.

Another work of considerable magnitude, recently undertaken, is the erection of a station to light the great hotels at the celebrated baths of St. Moritz, in the Upper Engadine. The station will be situated at Silvaplana, about three miles distant from the hotels; the power will be derived from the falls of the Julierbach, one hundred and fifteen feet high; and the current supplied will be sufficient for about four thousand incandescent lamps.

The high position which Switzerland occupies in connection with these industries, will be shown very prominently at the Electrical Exhibition, to be held, during the coming summer, at Frankfort on the Maine. It is proposed to make an experiment of great interest in the transmission of power over long distances, by means of electricity. The falls of the Neckar, at Lauffen, near Heilbronn, in Würtemberg, are situated somewhat more than one hundred miles from Frankfort; and the project is to transmit about three hundred horse-power from the falls to the Exhibition, and to use it there for electric lighting and for driving machinery. This important undertaking has been entrusted to a Swiss company, known as the Maschinen Fabrik of Oerlikon, near Zurich. The work is to be carried out in conjunction with the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft, of Berlin; but it would seem, from the notices that have been published, that the greater part of the electrical plant is to be constructed by the Swiss Company.

At the generating station, which will be erected close to the falls, an electric current will be developed of four thousand amperes, with a pressure of fifty volts. This current, however, will be transformed, within the station itself, into one of eight amperes, with a pressure of something like twenty-five thousand volts. Under this enormous pressure, the current will be conveyed by an over-head wire, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, across one hundred and twelve miles of country, through parts of Würtemberg, Baden, and Prussia, with a loss of only ten per cent. of its energy on the way, into the Exhibition at Frankfort, and there converted back again into a current suitable for maintaining the electric light and for driving motors.

As the scheme presents some novel features, involving the

interests of the several countries through which this high pressure current is to be carried, it was considered necessary to obtain the sanction of the local authorities in these countries. Accordingly a committee, appointed by the several authorities interested, was invited to visit the works at Oerlikon, and inspect a model plant which had been erected there, with a view of testing the safety and practicability of the scheme. The inspection took place on the 24th of January last; and the committee was satisfied that the project could be carried out with safety, and was likely to prove satisfactory. I may add that the Oerlikon Company are engaged in the preparation of a similar plant, to supply themselves with about four hundred horse-power, derived from turbines erected at Bülach, about twelve miles distant from their works.

This striking development of a new industry in a country so small as Switzerland, and so scantily furnished by nature with the ordinary sources of wealth, seems to me deserving of especial notice. It is due, no doubt, in part, to the energy and enterprise of the people; but it is due also, in large measure, to the admirable technical schools and colleges which are maintained in Switzerland, under the care of the Federal Government, and which train up the people in the knowledge necessary for turning to the best account the slender resources of their country. Technical education is, in fact, the good seed sown and fostered by the State, and industrial progress is the harvest which the country reaps.

You will naturally expect that I should now give you some account of the development of electrical industries in the United Kingdom. I had an opportunity, about twelve months ago, of visiting some of the chief electric lighting stations in England, and I was greatly struck by the very small amount of work actually complete and in operation at that time. But I was no less struck by the great magnitude of the works then recently undertaken, and in various stages of progress. It is hardly too much to say that the whole of the electric light work complete and running in the United Kingdom, in the spring of 1890, was utterly insignificant, in comparison with what was complete and running at the same time in America. But the works now in hand in England, and especially in London, are fully equal to any hitherto undertaken in any part of the world.

both for the excellence of their construction, and the magnitude of the scale on which they are designed.

About two years ago London was parcelled out, for the purpose of electric lighting, between eight or nine companies, to each of which was assigned a certain definite area. But while no company was allowed to carry its operations beyond its own limits, two companies were, in many cases, allowed to work in the same district, in order to secure the benefits of actual competition, and to afford the inhabitants a choice between different systems of electric lighting.

The two largest of these companies are those known as the London Electric Supply Corporation and the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company, each of which has been allotted an area three or four times as large as Dublin. The London Company has one great generating station at Deptford, of which every one, I suppose, has heard or read. This station from the beginning attracted very general interest, as it presented many features of originality and boldness of design. For a time it seemed to be the victim of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;" but now at length, after surmounting many difficulties, it may be said to have entered on a career of success. It has two dynamos running, of seven hundred and fifty horse-power each, and two of fifteen hundred horse-power each; and it is supplying current for forty thousand eight candle-power lamps, or their equivalent, at distances varying from six to eight miles. The main conductors, designed by Mr. de Ferranti, which at first gave a great deal of trouble, are now working satisfactorily. Four complete sets of these mains are laid down from Deptford to London, and convey the currents, at a pressure of ten thousand volts, to the Grosvenor Gallery and other sub-stations. At these sub-stations the currents are reduced, by transformers, to a pressure of two thousand four hundred volts, and then going out through a network of conductors, they are finally reduced to a pressure of one hundred volts, at the houses of the customers. Two new dynamos of ten thousand horse-power each, are in course of construction, which, if all goes well, will be able to supply current to something like half a million of eight candle-power lamps, and will make Deptford the premier electric light station of the world.

The Metropolitan Company have proceeded on less ambitious lines, and they have carried out their undertaking, up to the

present time, with complete success. At the close of last year, they had four central stations in operation, each designed to supply current over an area about half the size of Dublin. They had an aggregate of seven thousand horse-power working, and were supplying current to about fifty-thousand eight candle-power lamps, or their equivalent. In each generating station, the currents are produced at a pressure of one thousand volts, and they are reduced, at the houses of the customers, to a pressure of one hundred volts or fifty volts as may be desired. This company has been, for some time, supplying current to Drury Lane and other theatres, and they have received letters from the managers expressing their entire satisfaction with the steadiness and brilliancy of the light.

I need not trouble you with any further details about the London companies. But I may sum up their work briefly by saying that, at the present time, there are seventeen central stations in London supplying current to about four hundred thousand eight candle-power lamps, or their equivalent, and that the number of lamps in connection with the stations is rapidly increasing from day to day. At the same time, there are about forty thousand lamps, of the same power, supplied from private installations; and about one thousand arc lamps are maintained partly for public and partly for private purposes. The aggregate length of the underground conductors, conveying the current to these various lamps, is about one hundred and twenty miles; and the aggregate driving power required to produce the current, may be estimated at from twenty-five to thirty thousand horse-power.

According to a computation recently made, it would take five hundred million cubic feet of gas per annum to do the same amount of lighting as is now done by electricity in London. But it is right to add, for the comfort of shareholders in gas companies, that the annual consumption of gas in London amounts to thirty thousand million cubic feet, and so, it would seem, the reduction in the consumption of gas due to electric lighting, up to the present time, is only one-sixtieth part of the total output.

The progress of electric tramways in England, as on the Continent, has been extremely slow, compared to what it has been in America. The first electric tramway constructed in the United Kingdom was the well-known line from Portrush to Bushmills, in the county Antrim, a distance of about six

miles. It was opened for traffic in the autumn of 1883, and remained for a considerable time the most important work of its kind in the world. The generating station is about two miles distant from the nearest point of the railway, and stands close to the falls of the River Bush, from which the motive power is derived. From the generating station the current is conveyed to the line by an insulated underground cable, and it is then carried on a stout iron bar, resting on insulated supports, along a sloping bank, at the side of the railway track. This railway has been, from the beginning, a complete success, as a scientific experiment on a large scale. It has lately been extended two miles further, from Bushmills to the Giant's Causeway, and it remains, to the present day, by far the longest line of electric railway in the United Kingdom.

It is satisfactory to point out how far Ireland has gone ahead of England and Scotland, as a pioneer in the matter of electric railways. Not only was the first electric railway of any importance in the world, constructed in Ireland, but up to a very recent period, the number of miles of electric railway in Ireland was greater than in England and Scotland taken together. At the beginning of last year, there were just nine electric railways in the United Kingdom, with an aggregate length of somewhat less than twenty miles. Of these railways, two were in Ireland, the Bessbrook and Newry line, three and a quarter miles in length, and the Portrush line, eight miles in length, making eleven and a quarter of the twenty miles then running in the United Kingdom. The remaining seven lines were in Great Britain; they were all short experimental lines, varying in length from half a mile to two miles.

Considerable progress, however, has been made in England during the last twelve months. Some new lines of electric railway have been opened; others are in course of construction, and more have been projected. The total number of miles of electric railway in operation, at the beginning of the present year, in the United Kingdom, was twenty-six, and about ten miles more were in progress. This is a poor show, when compared with the two thousand miles of electric railways in America. Nevertheless, one important line was opened last year in England, which marks a new departure, and seems full of promise for the future. I mean the City and South London Railway, which was formally opened by the Prince

of Wales on November 4, and began to be worked for ordinary traffic on December 18.

The line is entirely underground. It consists practically of two great iron tubes, each eleven feet four inches in diameter, buried in the London clay, some fifty or sixty feet below the level of the streets. The length of the line is about three and a half miles; it starts from the City end of London Bridge, at a point about a hundred yards from the Monument, and passing under the river, runs in a south-westerly direction, below the main highway of traffic, to the Swan at Stockwell, on the Clapham Road, about a mile short of Clapham Common. One tube serves for the down trains, the other for the up trains, thus diminishing the danger of collision. Each train consists of three carriages and a small locomotive, which carries the electric motor. This motor is capable of working up to one hundred horse-power, and driving the train at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. The current is generated at the works erected at the Stockwell end of the line, and is conveyed to the motor by a steel bar, resting on insulating supports, between the rails of the track.

There are five stations on the line, that is, two terminal stations, and three intermediate stations. At each station, there is a lift worked by water-power, which conveys the passengers from the street level to the level of the line, and *vice versa*. The fare is twopence for all distances. There are no tickets, no booking-offices. Each passenger simply puts down twopence, and passes through a turnstile; he is then free of the line, for whatever distance he wishes to go.

The gradients of the line, which are slight, are so arranged as to slope upwards towards the stations, from either side. Thus, when a train is approaching a station, the gradient is against it, and helps to check its speed; on the other hand, when it is leaving a station, the gradient is in its favour, and helps to restore its speed again. By this ingenious arrangement, the train approaching a station is made to store up its own energy of motion, in drawing the carriages up the slope; and the stored-up energy is given back to the train when it begins to roll down the slope, on the other side.

The success of this line has led to a much larger enterprise. The Central London Railway Company have just got a Bill through Parliament, for an underground railway from Cornhill in the City, under Holborn, Oxford Street, Bayswater, and so on to

Shepherd's Bush, a distance in all of six miles. As in the City and South London Railway, the line is to consist of two iron tubes, which in this case will be eleven feet six inches in diameter, one for the up and one for the down traffic. These tubes will be laid at a depth varying, according to circumstances, from fifty to eighty feet below the level of the streets. There will be stations at every half mile, or thirteen stations in all. The sites for these stations will be first prepared; and then boring operations will be carried on simultaneously from all the stations, in both directions. The magnitude of this undertaking may be estimated from the fact that the capital of the company is £3,600,000; the estimated cost of the works being over £2,000,000, and the cost of equipment £600,000. Trains will start from each end at intervals of three minutes. There will be at all times eighteen trains actually running, and to drive these trains a continuous supply of two thousand electrical horse-power will be laid on to the conductors. The maximum speed will be at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and the average speed, for each journey, from fourteen to fifteen miles an hour.

I can only lightly touch on other applications of electricity as a motive power. In the course of last summer, the firm of Immisch and Co., famed for their motors, started a number of electric launches, driven by storage batteries, on the upper reaches of the Thames. Each launch carries its own battery, which is stowed away, out of view, under the flooring, and which will work very satisfactorily for several hours together. When the charge of the battery is run down, the launch may be taken to any one of the several stations on the river established by the firm, to have the charge renewed.

Electricity has also been applied, with great success, to mining operations, such as boring, drilling, pumping, hoisting, as well as lighting the mine and driving tramcars. The great facility with which the electric current can be conveyed by a flexible wire round corners, and through narrow passages inaccessible to ordinary machinery, make it especially suitable for such purposes; and I understand that a considerable amount of electrical plant has been manufactured in England, during the past year, for mining companies at home and abroad.

But the recent progress of electrical industries in the United Kingdom is no true test of the progress likely to be made in the near future. England cannot long afford to lag behind

America in any form of industry that tends to reduce the cost of manufacture, to improve the conditions of labour, and to augment the comforts of life. We may, therefore, look forward to an immense and immediate development of all the various industries connected with electric light and power; and this development will undoubtedly bring with it a large demand both for skilled workmen and well-trained engineers, versed in the theory and practice of electrical science.

The Order of the Good Shepherd.

THE FOUNDER AND HIS WORK.

THE Convent of the Good Shepherd at Hammersmith has just reached its Golden Jubilee, and furnishes us with an appropriate occasion to say something of its work in England during the last fifty years, as well as of the foundation of the Order more than two centuries ago. We are the more glad to do so, as much attention has lately been directed to what is called "rescue work" by those outside the Church, who sometimes seem to fancy that it is a modern invention, unknown to Christian charity in former days.

This, however, is a mistaken notion. The Church which produced the Order of Our Lady of Ransom for the redemption of the Christian captives in Tunis or Algiers, had long since devised methods to rescue poor sinners groaning under other forms of slavery in European cities. St. Ignatius founded at Rome a house for the reception of penitents. One of these organizations, approved by the Holy See in the seventeenth century, a Congregation devoted to the same pious object, was founded under the name of Our Lady of Charity. In our own time it has assumed the title of the Good Shepherd, after labouring continually for two hundred years in rescuing straying sheep and lambs of God's flock, from the jaws of the devouring lion. Many will no doubt be interested to hear something concerning the founder and the method of this charitable institution, which was introduced into this country from France just fifty years ago, and is now doing an extensive work amongst us, as it possesses already as many as eight large convents in England and Scotland, and five in Ireland. In the convents of England and Scotland there are now upwards of a thousand penitent women under the care of the devoted Nuns of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd.

These houses can truly be called homes. In them the homeless are ever welcome. They stand continually open

for the reception of the weakest and most abandoned of Christ's flock, who have indeed been, generally through ignorance or poverty, as sheep going astray, but now desire to return to the Shepherd of their souls. No one is refused as long as room can be found, and nothing afflicts the Sisters more than to be compelled to reject an applicant because every place is full. No entrance fee is demanded, no letter of recommendation is required, no questions are asked: it is enough that the poor girl knocking at the door desires a safe shelter from the dangers that ensnare so many in our great towns. Difference of religion is no bar to admittance. The majority who apply are of course Catholics, at least in name; but whether the applicant be a member of some sect, or of no religion at all, she still has a soul to be saved. She has a distinct claim on the Good Shepherd, for she is certainly one of those of whom He said: "I lay down My life for My sheep," and perhaps she is one of those in His mind when He said: "Other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." Once admitted, she can remain as long as she is willing to conform to the regulations of the house. No pressure is employed to induce her to change her religion, and she is, like the rest, perfectly free to depart at any time, with only three days' notice.

A religious Order, doing such practical work as this, must enlist the sympathy of every one. However deeply rooted may be the prejudice against conventual life in general, no one could inspect one of these convents without being impressed favourably by all he saw. Peace, order, and cheerful happiness reign throughout the house, no one is idle, all are contented, and no visitor could leave the establishment without admitting that the Order of the Good Shepherd is an admirable social institution. A convent of contemplative nuns, devoted entirely to prayer and penance, is certainly more difficult for a Protestant mind to comprehend, but a work so practical and charitable in its nature as that undertaken by this Order must appeal to every right-minded man. An amusing definition of the religious life was once given by an English Protestant woman of my acquaintance. She was a hard-working person herself, quite willing to be careful and troubled about many things, and accustomed all her life to be cumbered about much serving, and not apparently conscious of any better part. Her opinion as to nuns being

asked, she replied with much vigour: "They are a parcel of women who shut themselves up to live silly!" Even this lady, if she were to inspect a Convent of the Good Shepherd, would hardly include them in her condemnation; she could not stigmatize their work as a "silly" one, or their life as one of idleness. However strong her dislike for those who choose the better part, she would at least highly approve of this laborious and successful "rescue work."

Before describing more at length the method by which the nuns carry on their charitable work, it will be interesting to know something of the founder and of the first origin of the Order.

The Founder of the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, was the Venerable servant of God, Father John Eudes, who was one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics in France during the seventeenth century. He was a native of Normandy, and was born in 1601, being, like the Prophet Samuel, the fruit of the earnest prayer of his mother. After a boyhood of singular virtue, Eudes chose the ecclesiastical career, and received minor orders on September 19, 1620. Seminaries for the special education of priests did not then exist in France, though they were founded shortly afterwards by M. Olier and St. Vincent de Paul, so that Jean Eudes studied first in the University at Caen, but finding his surroundings uncongenial he demanded admission into the community of the Oratory of Cardinal Berulle, generally called the French Oratory. The house of this Congregation at Caen, though small in numbers, was fervent in spirit, and the Fathers were constantly employed in all kinds of charitable work. After some difficulty and delay, Eudes became a member of the Oratory and received the priesthood in Paris in 1625, where, on Christmas night, he celebrated his first Mass. After his ordination, he was sent to a quiet country house near Paris, where he spent his time in the careful study of the Bible, of which he soon acquired an intimate knowledge. To this occupation he joined the work of diligent mental prayer, to which, even more than to study, he trusted to obtain the true meaning of the Sacred Text. He used to declare that God had given him at the foot of the crucifix all the knowledge he possessed, and especially such light to comprehend the sacred writers, that the reading of a few verses would suggest to him at once matter for sermons during Advent, or a whole Lent.

This season of peaceful study and prayer was interrupted by an outbreak of plague in the diocese of Seéz. The ravages of this awful disease in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were indescribably terrible, and it is difficult for us, at the present day, to realize the state of panic that resulted from the approach of the dreaded disease. "The want of cleanliness in the towns," says a writer on the subject, "the entire insufficiency of medical resources, the absence of any regular police service, the contagious nature of the malady, which was considered to be greater than it really was, all tended to increase the mortality. Towns were forsaken and for months together became like deserts; the grass even grew in the streets, and numbers of wolves prowled about unchecked." This deplorable state of things demanded the services of a hero, and Father Eudes immediately determined to devote himself to the services of the sick and dying. Readers of the Life of St. Charles Borromeo will remember the heroism of the holy Archbishop during the outbreak of the plague in Milan, and the same spirit of self-sacrifice was displayed by the young Oratorian. To avoid the danger of carrying the infection to his brethren he slept, during the time that the pestilence raged in the town of Caen, in a large cask which he had placed in a field near the Convent of the Holy Trinity. The Abbess supplied him with food, and he spent his whole time in helping the dying.

After this novitiate of charity Father Eudes began to preach missions, his apostolic ministry being blessed by God with an abundant harvest of souls. The style of his sermons was, like his own soul, simple, earnest, and burning with Divine love, and therefore a wonderful contrast to the so-called eloquence of most of the popular preachers of that day. His one object was to convert souls, and his instruction to his disciples was that they should adopt the rule given by St. Paul, and speak "with sincerity as from God, before God, and in Christ."¹ After the Bible, the books he most frequently employed in preparing sermons were the works of Father Granada, of the Order of St. Dominic, especially his celebrated *Sinner's Guide*. These books he praised, saying that they were full of truths so practical and so clearly as well as powerfully expressed, that those who desired to preach in a way calculated to convert the hearts of men ought to know them as familiarly as their Office book. The Bishop of Belley, Mgr. Camas, who had been an

¹ 2 Cor. ii. 17.

intimate friend of St. Francis of Sales, said once, after hearing a sermon of Father Eudes: "I have heard the best preachers of Italy and France, but I must confess, I never heard any one who touched the heart so deeply as this Father." Such was the Founder of the Order of the Good Shepherd for the rescue and conversion of women who had fallen from the paths of virtue.

FOUNDATION OF THE WORK.

The origin of the Order of Our Lady of Charity was the mission preached in the city of Caën, in the year 1639, and in the Lent of the year following. A number of women who had been leading sinful lives were converted during these missions, and the problem arose as to how their perseverance could be best assured. Father Eudes exerted himself to secure temporary homes for them in the houses of several charitable ladies, and some he entrusted to the care of an old woman named Magdalen Lamy, who, although poor, was full of zeal for souls. She it was who suggested the work that afterwards developed into that of the Good Shepherd. Standing one day at her door, she cried out to Father Eudes, who was passing at the moment with some of his devout friends, "Where are you going to now? Into the churches perhaps, to look at the images of the saints, after which you will consider yourselves highly spiritual. You ought instead to work hard to found a house of refuge for poor girls, so many of whom are lost for want of help." These brusque words excited some laughter at the time, but they entered deeply into Father Eudes' soul; he never forgot them, and they increased his desire to found some permanent institution for the protection of these lost sheep of Christ's fold. After some delay, he was able by the help of friends to hire a small house in the street of St. John, opposite the chapel of St. Gratian. This was the cradle of the future Institute. The first penitents were received on Nov. 25, 1641, and during the two hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since that time, the work has been steadily carried on in spite of every discouragement, and is continually extending itself in every direction. Father Eudes made a house-to-house collection throughout the town for the support of the work, and among other things he received from the Carmelite nuns an image of our Lady, which still stands over the seat of the Superior in the choir of the religious of Our Lady of Charity

at Caen. As at first there was no idea of founding an Order, the house was called the "Refuge." At first all promised speedy success, but before long opposition arose. The devil was destined to lose too much by the work thus started to allow it to proceed quietly without attack. People began to discuss the new project, and to declare that, though begun with the best intentions, it was imprudent, and would prove a failure. "Women of this kind," said the croakers, "are as weak as water. No one can depend on them. Father Eudes is a good, zealous man, but sadly wanting in prudence." On his return from a mission in St. Malo, Father Eudes found the opposition to his work widely spread in the town, and as he needed the assistance of the public for the success of his enterprise, he began to defend it by all the arguments his zeal suggested. He particularly pointed out that, although human nature is so weak, especially where long habits of ill-doing have already been formed, God's grace, on the other hand, is almighty, and that therefore a work must not be abandoned in despair because relapse is possible. The same objection is often urged against the work of missions, because many afterwards relapse into sin. No doubt they do, but that is no reason to give up the good work in despair. Many do not fall away, and even if only one were to persevere and be saved, all the trouble and labour would be amply repaid. "Our Lord," he said, "did not command the Apostles to go and convert the world, but to go and preach, and teach men the truths of the Gospel, reserving the success to the effect of His grace." Besides the criticisms of the good, the devil stirred up the hatred of many bad and irreligious men who feared the good work, and did all they could to prejudice the town authorities against Father Eudes and his Refuge. He therefore thought it prudent to strengthen himself with the authority of the King, and, through Cardinal Richelieu, obtained Letters Patent, dated 1642, allowing the house to be founded.

But besides the storm from without, there was division within the house itself. A lady named Margaret Morin had undertaken the work, but becoming discontented, and not approving certain arrangements made by Father Eudes, she suddenly abandoned the Refuge, taking with her some others, and leaving only Mdle. de Taillefer and a young niece of Father Eudes. It was now proposed that the Order of the Visitation, founded by St. Francis of Sales, should undertake the direction of the house. After many difficulties the Bishop

gave his consent, and Mother Frances Patin, the Superior of the Convent of the Visitation at Caen, left her own community and took charge of the Refuge. Father Eudes gave the inmates of his new convent the Rule of St. Augustine, to which he afterwards added Constitutions necessary to guide them in the peculiar work they had undertaken. He also desired to substitute for the simple name of the Refuge the title of Our Lady of Charity, a change that was afterwards approved by authority and adopted by all the houses. The question of a suitable habit next occupied his attention, and he decided that the religious of Our Lady of Charity should be dressed in a tunic, scapular, and mantle of white stuff with a white cincture, wishing by this colour to symbolize the perfect purity that should adorn their souls in order to enable them to inspire a love of the same virtue into the hearts of those confided to their care. Moreover, hanging from their neck, he directed them to wear a silver heart, stamped on which was the representation of our Lady bearing the Infant Jesus in her arms, surrounded by branches of lilies and roses mingled with thorns. This device was intended to indicate that their hearts should be entirely devoted to Jesus and Mary, and full of the love of chastity figured by the white lily, and of zeal to spread abroad the spiritual perfume of Jesus Christ, figured by the sweet smelling rose. The thorns typified the tribulation they must endure for Christ's sake. To the three ordinary vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, he added a fourth, by which the religious bound themselves to work for the penitent girls for whose reformation they were founded. He provided them with proper regulations for prayer and other daily duties, but carefully abstained from burdening them with much outward austerity of life, in order not to impede their work.

The first religious clothed with the habit of the new Institute was Mademoiselle de Taillefer, who had already given such unmistakeable proof of her constancy and other virtues. The nuns had to welcome the cross, and among other trials they were so poor that sufficient food was often wanting, and the hired house they were obliged to inhabit was quite unsuited to their needs. It was badly built, and they suffered much during the four years that they remained in it, especially from the cold, which was unusually severe.

Various negotiations to obtain the approval of the Pope for the new Institute failed. Hitherto no religious Order had been

established with the peculiar object which Father Eudes had in view, and it was necessary in a matter of so delicate a nature, to proceed with the utmost prudence. The Bishop of Bayeux, Mgr. Molé, who, on account of certain misunderstandings with Father Eudes on other matters, did not regard the Refuge with a very favourable eye, was at last, in 1651, induced to give a formal approbation, a result which was attributed to the fervent prayers that had been for years perseveringly offered for this end. M. Le Roux de Langrie, President of the Parliament of Normandy, became the patron of the Refuge, and gave certain endowments which relieved the community from the pressure of poverty and enabled the nuns to receive more penitents. In his letter of approbation the Bishop, subject to the consent of the Holy See, allowed the religious to make the distinct vow to labour for the conversion of women who desired to reform their lives and to seek a refuge from the temptations of the world in their convent. The house was to continue under the government of the Religious of the Visitation until some Sister of the new Institute was considered ready to undertake the office of Superior. The first effect of this episcopal approbation was to encourage several promising postulants, who felt drawn to the work, but had hitherto hesitated on account of the uncertain state of affairs.

Mademoiselle Herson, niece to Father Eudes, was the first religious professed after the Bishop's sanction had been obtained, and her profession was quickly followed by that of the devoted Sister de Taillefer. The Superior who trained the young religious, both in their conventual duties and their work for souls, was the Visitation nun, Mère Patin.

The ground on which the house stood being so confined that enlargement was impossible, Mère Patin was most anxious to find some property where the work could be developed, and the number of penitents increased. Unable to find any suitable position, she had special recourse to the intercession of our Lady, whom the nuns always considered to be the real Superior of the work. After many prayers, Mère Patin saw, in spirit, a house much dilapidated but spacious, which she understood was intended for them, and all the details of the building were impressed on her mind. Not long afterwards she was asked to inspect a house that was for sale, and found that it resembled in every detail the one that had been shown her by our Lady. Though the house was not in good repair, there was ample

space for building, and the evident assistance of God's providence watching over them was a wonderful encouragement in their difficulties.

The next great event in the history of the young Institute was the approbation granted to it, after twenty years of trial, by the Apostolic See. It will not be necessary to enter into details about the various difficulties in obtaining this supreme sanction, but after other applications had failed, the celebrated Abbot of La Trappe, de Rance, going to Rome on his own business, undertook to negotiate the matter for Father Eudes, and to obtain the Bull of approval, erecting the Institute into a religious Order. The chief difficulty felt at Rome was the fear lest the younger religious might suffer some injury through their contact with the penitents. Cardinal de Retz met this objection by calling attention to the fact that though the work had been carried on for twenty years, no evil result had occurred to justify these fears, and that the rules laid down by Father Eudes were so prudent that no injury was likely to happen to the nuns, while, on the other hand, immense good would certainly result to the penitents from the society of the pure-minded, innocent, and at the same time cultivated ladies devoted to their care. This danger has been frequently urged as an objection to the work. Father Eudes always answered it by saying: "The religious devoted to this work will be chosen with care; they will have all the duties of their own community life entirely apart from the penitents; they will mix with them only to instruct them and to superintend their work. The goodness of God will never allow religious devoted to this work for souls to perish themselves." In a letter addressed to the religious, the venerable Founder referred in the following terms to these objections by which people tried to frighten people away from the community: "It is impossible to think that our Lord would allow those to fall into grievous sin who, for His love, devote themselves to help others to rise up after they have fallen. Purity can as little be sullied when it goes hand in hand with charity, as sunbeams when they happen to shine on mire. Banish such unfounded fears. Have confidence in Him who has called you to share His own Divine work."

To avoid any possibility of the danger feared, Father Eudes had from the beginning strictly forbidden any allusion to their past life being made by the penitents in conversation with the nuns, and this important rule is rigidly enforced in all the

convents, as will be shown when their method of treating the penitents is described.

If, therefore, this objection is ever revived at the present day, it is important to remember that it is no new idea. All such objections were thoroughly considered by the Cardinals and theologians commissioned by the Holy See to examine the Constitutions of the new Institute, before they advised the Pope to approve the Order and to allow the religious to take perpetual vows. This was at last accomplished on the 2nd of January, 1666, by a Bull of Alexander the Seventh, erecting the new Order, and giving the nuns the Rule of St. Augustine, with the Constitutions framed by Father Eudes.

In consequence of this solemn approval of the Church, sixteen religious took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, with the fourth peculiar to their Institute, which obliged them to labour for the conversion of penitent women, on the feast of the Ascension, 1666, in the presence of the Bishop of Bayeux. Father Eudes preached at the ceremony, which was the crown of his hopes and the reward of his zeal and perseverance during twenty years.

Two years after this event, which may be considered as the time when the hitherto infant Institute came of age, beginning its life as an approved religious Order with perpetual vows, the Superior, Mère Patin, was called to her everlasting reward. She died with evident marks of holiness, on the last day of October, 1668, and her body after death gave forth a delicious odour, the sign of the purity of her soul. After her death there was a discussion as to whether another Visitation nun should be asked to succeed her; but it was considered that the Order could now govern itself, and the first Superior elected was Sister St. Peter of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Refuge being thus established as a religious Order, continued to develope, though not with much rapidity; for at the time of the Revolution, about a century after Father Eudes' death, it only numbered seven houses in France. Still the holy work had been solidly established, and was thus ready for the immense development it has received in our own day.

On Selfish and Unselfish Love.

To believe with the greatest firmness on the authority of God the truths which He has revealed, and to love Him above all things for His own sake, are obligations more or less recognized and understood by every Christian. They are not confined to the educated or to well-trained minds, but concern equally the uneducated and undisciplined, and are doubtless fulfilled as well by the simplest of the Church's children as by her most consummate theologian.

The theologian, however, while fully admitting, or rather maintaining, that these acts of intellect and will may be successfully and easily performed by the merest child, finds no small difficulty in giving a satisfactory analysis of the processes, and in showing precisely how the apparently simple feats are accomplished. The difficulty may be compared to that of the mathematician in regard to some of the phenomena of flight; the facts that meet his eye appear to be strangely inconsistent with the laws of mechanics, and it is just possible, that but for the salutary check imposed upon his speculations by the data of experience, he might have succeeded by this time in demonstrating to his own satisfaction the impossibility of the facts. These are a guide and a corrective to him in his calculations; and in like manner the pronouncements of the Church regarding the assent of Divine faith are a guide and a corrective to the Catholic psychologist. Here is an assent which is intellectual and yet free, reasonable and yet incapable of resolution into its mere logical premises; it is obscure, and yet most certain; it can be retracted, and is yet supremely firm, more firm than many another which it is not in our power to recall at will. These are data, as it were, supplied by theology to the Catholic philosopher; at first, it may be, they introduce difficulty and confusion into his theories, but in the end they reward the patient and humble inquirer by throwing a flood of light upon the whole question of assent. So, too, the act of perfect charity, by which God is loved above all things for

His own sake, has, like faith, its own apparently contradictory attributes. The chief difficulty lies in reconciling its perfect unselfishness with the fact that it proceeds from a faculty which is simply incapable of tending towards anything, except what we know, or think we know, to be our own good. The following pages aim at smoothing away this difficulty, by a brief investigation of the difference between what, for want of better words, we may call selfish and unselfish love ; and it is hoped that the reader, who may have the patience to follow the investigation, will find himself enabled to apply his faculties more expeditiously and more unfailingly to the exercise of an act of pure and perfect love of God. Such a result would certainly be worth gaining, for with no wish to deny the frequency and ease with which such acts are performed by devout Catholics, it seems probable enough that many an attempt is abortive through vagueness and uncertainty of aim.

There is a certain sense in which mere animals and even inanimate things may be said to love. Thus St. Thomas Aquinas writes : "To love God above all things is something connatural to man, and even to any creature whatever, not only rational, but irrational and even inanimate, according to the kind of love which can belong to each one." His meaning is that even an inanimate and inorganic substance has a nature of its own, and consequently a tendency, or what may be called its inclinations ; by which it is carried along to co-operate towards the one final end of the whole creation, which is the glory of God. After its own fashion it tends to God ; it has that within it which urges it on to work for His glory ; it has God for its supreme and final end, and in this sense may be said to love Him above all things. As for irrational animals, they of course are continually exercising love of a different and a higher order ; for not only are they inclined to certain objects of sense, so as in some way to desire them when absent, and take delight in their presence, but they are also aware of these objects and of their own inclination ; they tend towards that of which they have first obtained a certain sensible cognition. Man, also, in his animal nature is strongly drawn to a variety of sense-objects, quite independently of any exercise of his intellect and will ; after having brought them into himself by the use of his senses, by sight, for example, or by hearing, he in turn goes out to them by desire, or rests in their enjoyment with delight, and this is nothing else than to love them with that kind

of love, which belongs to his animal nature as such. Mention has been here made of love as proceeding from and residing in mere inanimate or animal natures, only in order to eliminate them altogether from the present inquiry, and to give emphasis to the warning that henceforth it is man's strictly spiritual faculties of intellect and will with which we are concerned.

"Love," says St. Thomas, "is a complacency in what is good"—*complacentia boni*, are the great Doctor's own words. A briefer, and, once the terms are understood, a clearer definition of love in its simplest form could not possibly be framed. It does not, it is true, embrace all that it will be found convenient later on to include under the word, but only the initial movement of the will towards the object of its love. A very few words will suffice to determine the meaning of the two words employed, *complacency* and *good*. To begin with the latter, the *good* is that which agrees, and in so far as it agrees; and consequently the idea always connotes a subject with some aptitude for the thing that is good. Agreement, fitness, suitability, and the like, imply a relation between two things either really distinct from each other, or at least distinguished in the mind; and the *good* is always that which agrees with, or befits, or suits some other thing from some or other point of view. What agrees with a man's intellectual tastes may be bad for his health, and what agrees with his health may be disagreeable to the palate; but so far as there is any kind of suitability, there is also some degree of good. It is not necessary for our present purpose to examine further into the notion of goodness, and we may pass on to the other of the two terms that enter into St. Thomas' definition of love, the term "complacency." It will be found, perhaps, a somewhat more difficult word to deal with, but fortunately we have to do with the most precise and accurate of writers, and we need not therefore be afraid of taking the word to pieces and interpreting it in its strictest sense. The very structure, then, of the word seems to indicate accompaniment of some kind: *complacency* would appear to be the act or state of a faculty which accompanies or goes along with another; and so in fact it is. It is the attitude of the will, which accompanies that exercise of the intellect by which the good thing is known, and its quality of goodness in some way recognized. "To take complacency in the thought," is a sufficiently familiar phrase, and it brings out well the idea we are engaged in elucidating. There is the thought, to begin with;

and if the object of the thought is recognized as in some way agreeing with the thinker, there follows a certain complacency of the will which seems to rest upon this object, or in other words upon the thought regarded objectively. This complacency is the simplest form of love. The will goes with the pleasant thought, accompanies it, is complaisant. This is the first change produced in the will by the presentation to the mind of what is good. St. Thomas expresses the whole sequence of changes in his concise way: "The first alteration produced in the appetitive faculty by the desirable is called love, which is nothing but a complacency in the desirable; and on this complacency there follows a movement in the faculty which is desire; and last of all comes rest, which is joy."

In matters purely speculative, as for instance that man's soul is immortal, the will may indeed operate in applying the mind to the question in hand, or may even in virtue of some previous consideration influence the decision of the intellect, but it is not ordinarily thrown into the attitude of complacency towards the subject of the judgment, although the truth or judgment itself may attract it as a purely intellectual good; whereas in the case of what is perceived and implicitly affirmed to be good, the will is so affected, and begins to love. If it can proceed no further, it is at least apt to order the intellect to keep the object present in thought, and to insist upon the assertion of its goodness. Indeed it is in this way that the complacency of the will chiefly reveals itself, until for reasons that will appear a little later, it passes into desire. Intellect and will are so intimately conjoined, that it is really most difficult to treat of the operations of the latter, without insensibly gliding into the use of terms, which can be properly applied only to the former. Thus one is tempted to describe the initial attitude of the will towards that which is presented to the mind as good, as one of approval. But to speak accurately, the approval is a judgment of intellect, though as prompted and maintained by the action of will, it is at least an indication of its tendency, and may be so far referred to it, that the will may be said to approve by means of the intellect.

Love, then, in its simplest form is a movement of the will, incapable of analysis, which is best described as a certain complacency and rest in a mentally apprehended good. The good, as already observed, is at least vaguely apprehended as such; its agreeableness (to use the word in the sense which accrues to it from the verb "to agree") is implicitly or inchoa-

tively affirmed; when this affirmation, together with the corresponding posture of the will, is adverted to and becomes deliberate, responsibility begins, and the motion of love assumes a moral aspect, so as to be right or wrong, lawful or sinful. An example will make this clear, while at the same time it will offer a useful illustration of one of the commonest forms of internal sins. The idea of delivering ourselves of some highly uncharitable remark, of administering, in fact, a good snub to one whom we dislike, presents itself to the mind; the scene is depicted in thought and in imagination, it is apprehended in all its details; the occasion, the company, the discomfiture of the object of our aversion, our own momentary triumph, are all vividly before our mental vision. The whole proceeding has a certain goodness from one point of view; it falls in and agrees with our dislike of the person in question. Doubtless this is a very limited and partial goodness, but such as it is, even before we are aware of it, it has attracted the will, and already we are experiencing in that faculty a certain complacency in the action as present to the mind and imagination. So far we may suppose there has been no moral act, the whole process has been indeliberate. But a time comes, it may be, when the full and proper nature of the thought (regarded objectively) is realized; while seen to be good in its own one-sided way, it is found to be unbecoming on the whole, to be in disaccord with our higher nature, to be contrary to reason and therefore unlawful. Moreover, the attitude of the will is also adverted to; I find myself inclined towards and, as it were, in the very act of approving a vicious line of conduct; and having once become fully aware of this actual disposition of the will towards a "good" at variance with my reasonable nature, I begin to be responsible for it. If now I deliberately allow this disposition to persevere, if I freely maintain this unbecoming attitude, I do wrong and commit a sin whose magnitude is proportionate to the degree of advertence and the gravity of the uncharitableness under contemplation. My duty is either to divert my thoughts into other channels, and so remove a necessary condition for the *actual* motion of the will—a course which is manifestly the best in a great number of cases; or I may look steadfastly at the other aspect of the action, at its bad side, and by studying and realizing that, I can bring round my will into the opposite attitude of aversion, teaching it to loath and abhor what is now seen to be loathsome and opposed to the nobler nature bestowed on me by God. It is an obvious conclusion

from the above illustration that wrong may be done internally without any fixed determination, either absolute or conditional, to translate the evil thought into deed, a wrong that consists in freely maintaining an unseemly complacency of the will.

Another example may be given which will throw considerable light on the nature of love in this its first and simplest stage. This time it shall be, not an action, but a person that is present to our thoughts; a person, let us say, whom some accident has once brought across our path, and with whom we have enjoyed a long and altogether delightful conversation. The interview is over, we are once more alone, and thought and imagination begin to operate. It is the person directly, and not any benefit resulting from him to ourselves, that occupies the mind; it is not as a mere tool, or medium to wealth, or social position, or knowledge, or peace of mind, that he is regarded, but as immediately in his own person satisfying the faculties and powers of our complex nature. His goodness, his correspondence that is with ourselves, are dwelt upon in thought and imagination, with the result that the will is once more thrown into an attitude of love towards the person in question. That person, not of course *out* of all relation to ourselves (for so regarded he is nothing to us), but precisely as acting in a variety of ways on our senses and faculties is the object of our love. Moreover, the love here described may be said in a certain sense to be a love of him for his own sake; inasmuch as he is not regarded as a mere stepping-stone towards the attainment of some end distinct from himself, but as being himself agreeable, himself desirable. Indeed, the complacency we may feel in one, who is seen to be a useful instrument in our hands for the acquisition of some ulterior advantage, is of so unamiable a kind, that the English word *love* is hardly applicable to it; philosophically, however, it is love, there is the good, mere useful good though it be, and there is the complacency. On the other hand, the love of a person for his own sake, in the sense explained above, though essentially selfish, is yet some sort of tribute to the intrinsic goodness of the object, and is so far gratifying. We are gratified to find that our company is desired on account of our own agreeable gifts, accomplishments, manners, appearance, or what not; we are not much pleased if it is in requisition merely as conducive to some other object of which our designing host is in pursuit. We observe, before leaving this example, that it illustrates the ambiguity there is in saying that we love another

for his own sake; for it need not imply that it is his good or advantage we are aiming at, but merely, as in the above instance, that he himself is the good we love, as distinct from any further advantage such as wealth or knowledge, for the attainment of which he might be a useful instrument.

So far, then, our elucidation of the terms of St. Thomas' definition, and the illustrations offered of the simple movement of the will which he calls a complacency in what is good, seem to give prominence to its essentially selfish character, and, what is more, the account given of it appears at first sight to render unselfishness in the matter of love a sheer impossibility. This is all the more striking, when we reflect that the will or appetitive faculty within us cannot, of its very nature, tend towards anything, except in so far as it is seen to be in agreement with the subject or possessor of the faculty. If any one is disposed to question this statement, and to fancy that he can find some complacency in a good irrespective of its relation to himself, this can only arise from some confusion of thought, or from some arbitrary limitation being assigned to the meaning of the word "good." If the agreement is limited to that which manifests itself by sensible pleasure, for instance, or intellectual delight, or peace and comfort of mind, then of course it is quite true that a man can have his will attracted by objects which do not directly conduce to any one of these effects. But the word "agreement" must not be thus arbitrarily limited in meaning, but extends to every possible kind of mutual suitability between the person who loves and the object of his love; and on this understanding it will be found absurd to deny that love is only possible, in so far as its object is seen to be in agreement with ourselves. Is then all love nothing but a more or less gross form of selfishness, or while upholding the general definition with which we started, and moreover conceding that it can only tend towards what is in agreement with the lover, is it yet possible to draw a clear line of demarcation between that which is purely selfish and that which is unselfish?

Before proceeding to point out the principle on which the distinction can be firmly based, it will be convenient to take the opportunity afforded by the consideration of the apparently selfish nature of all love, to embrace under the one word somewhat more than is expressed by the phrase, "complacency in what is good." This complacency, as St. Thomas himself says, is but the *first* change that takes place in the will; but since

it can be brought about only by what agrees with the subject of the change and is therefore desirable, it naturally develops into an efficacious desire of the object. A complete act of love may consequently be said to involve not only the first movement of complacency, but also an efficacious desire, not necessarily for the possession of the object (for after all, that the possession of a thing should be desirable is only one sign of its agreement with us), but always at least for its existence. Having thus extended the meaning of the word "love" in a manner justified by the nature of its first movement, and in accordance with common usage, we may proceed to point out the principle of its division into selfish and unselfish forms.

This principle rests on the mutual character of the relation which is essentially involved in the idea of goodness. *Bonum est quod alicui convenit*—"The good is that which agrees with something." Now agreement or suitability is, or ought to be, reciprocal; if a picture fits a frame, the frame fits the picture; if a bonnet suits the head, the head suits the bonnet. But although the relation is thus reciprocal, it need not be, so to speak, an evenly-balanced one; on the contrary, as the examples adduced evidently show, it constantly happens that one of the two terms of the relation is entirely subordinated to the other, and the gain or perfection acquired by the one is in fact, and is regarded as, of so much greater moment than the benefit of the other, that we lose sight of the advantage conferred by the higher on the lower, and look only to that which the lower confers upon the higher. Thus we subordinate the frame to the picture, and the bonnet to the head; not that the former do not in each case receive distinction from being made subservient to the latter, but that they are in fact subservient, and therein lies their good; whereas the latter, by reason of their greater dignity, supply the measure and standard to which the former must conform. It is evident, then, that we must distinguish two ways in which one thing may be a good to another; it may be a good for serving or for being served, for ministering or for being ministered to. If we tell a man that he has a good servant in John Smith, he may answer that John Smith has a good master in him, and that on the whole it is the best thing in the world for him to be servant to such a master. Now, of course, inanimate and irrational creatures do not understand their relations with other things, they do not know their place, as it is said; but a rational creature like man can, if he so choose, estimate the relative value of things, he

can appreciate the subordination of one to another, and can recognize the propriety and fitness of such subordination.

The foregoing considerations would seem to supply the very test of which we are in search for distinguishing selfish from unselfish love. And by selfish, in this place, nothing unworthy or base is necessarily to be understood. For when we contemplate the various modes and grades of being outside ourselves, from that of the simplest element to the infinite self-subsisting Being of God Himself, reason asserts the subordination of some to our own wants; and with respect to others, it has at least nothing to say against our endeavouring in due measure and season to make them subserve our own requirements or pleasure. When, therefore, we dwell on such objects with complacency or desire, we may be said to love them with a purely selfish, though perfectly reasonable love. Reason, however, no less clearly declares, on grounds that need not be here explained, that there are other things which are a good to us, or in other words which contribute to our perfection, not by being made subservient and subordinate to us, but, on the contrary, by being themselves regarded as the measure and aim of our own actions. Thus in the case of a mother's disinterested love for her child, she regards the child's perfection and happiness as an end to which it is her good to direct and subject her own action, not indeed absolutely and unreservedly, but according to a measure which reason defines. The ultimate ground for all such unselfish love, as of all subjection, is, of course, to be found in God Himself, so that it is but the simple truth that there is not and cannot be such a thing as a reasonably unselfish love apart from the consideration of our entire subordination to the Creator and Lord of the whole universe. When, therefore, I raise my thoughts to the infinite goodness and perfection of God, and recognizing it to be my highest good to subject myself entirely to Him, and to make His will the rule and measure of my own, I dwell with complacency on the thought of His glory, and efficaciously desire to devote myself to that and to that above everything else, then is it that I make an act of pure unselfish love of God. Love becomes unselfish the moment we subject ourselves to something else; it is not precisely the good of being subject, but the good to which we subject ourselves, that is the motive and end, the formal object, in scholastic phrase, of the will. It is absolutely necessary, indeed, that we should know or seem to know, our own good to be involved; but this personal good is not the

formal object of our complacency and desire, for the simple reason that it is made secondary to what we choose, whether rightly or wrongly, to regard as of greater dignity and worth. We may notice here in passing the striking parallel between the way in which the conclusions of reason are the necessary condition without being the formal object of Divine faith, and the way in which our own personal good is also the necessary condition, but not the formal object of Divine love.

We are now in a better position for realizing how simple and at the same time how profound a truth is expressed in the words of St. Thomas cited at the beginning of this paper, in which he says that it is something connatural to man and to all creatures whatsoever to love God above all things ; it is, in fact, nothing but the due and essential subordination of every creature to the Creator. The following passage is in his inimitable style, and puts the same truth in a different way :

The turning of inferior things towards the superior, is their ordination to the end appointed by the superior. And although this ordination is from an extrinsic principle, inasmuch as the inferior are directed to the ends of the superior by the action itself of the superior ; none the less is it also from an intrinsic principle, inasmuch as there exists in the inferior a certain tendency this way, either from nature as in natural love (alluding again to the kind of love proper to inanimate things) or from the will, as in the love of living things ; hence it is that God is said to dispose all things sweetly, seeing that all and each do of themselves that to which they are ordained.

And again in his commentary on the petition of the Our Father, we read the following beautiful passage, which distinguishes perfect love of God from that which is imperfect, though commendable :

It is clear that our desire falls first on the end, and then on what makes for the end. Now our end is God, towards whom we incline in a two-fold way ; one way, indeed, in so far as we will God's glory, the other as we will to enjoy His glory. Of these two ways the first pertains to the love whereby we love God in Himself ; the second to the love whereby we love ourselves in God. So our first petition runs : Hallowed be Thy Name ; by which we pray for God's glory ; the second runs : Thy Kingdom come ; by which we pray to attain to the glory of His Kingdom.

God, then, is our good in two ways. First, He is so as being the end to which our whole being should be referred and subordinated. As a portrait can have no higher end than to tell of the

beauty and amiability of him whose likeness it is, so we can have no better purpose in all we do, than to add our mite to the external glory of God. Secondly, He is our good, as being the source and security of whatever personal glory and happiness and perfection we can ever hope to enjoy. If we regard Him in this secondary and very partial way, our love does not rise above that of concupiscence, as theologians term it, and it is imperfect and selfish. Not that it is an unworthy love, or one that offends God, any more than it is any insult to a friend to regard him as contributing by his own person to our pleasure and happiness. On the contrary, it is an excellently ordered love, for our happiness is in fact to be found in God, and not in those other sources of partial and often paltry enjoyment wherein it is sometimes sought. Cardinal Perrone writes well :

God binds rational creatures to Himself and to one another by a double tie ; by the tie of need, inasmuch as the rational creature is not self-sufficing, and consequently cannot be satisfied except by God alone ; it is the love of concupiscence which forms, as it were, this tie. But they are also bound to Him by reason of His supreme excellence, which is able to attract and unite them to Him by the thought of it and the movement of the will which it excites. And this bond is the love of perfect charity, or the love of benevolence, which finds its highest joy and complacency in His supreme and infinite perfection.

Thus, then, in the objective order established by God Himself, according to which the end of the lower is to subserve the higher, and the ultimate end of all is to subserve the glory of God, we find the true rule and measure of all love. There are things we love aright by referring them proximately to ourselves ; there are others that reason tells us can only be loved aright by referring ourselves either partially or, as in the case of God, entirely, to them. The formal object of our love is always that which we keep before our minds as the standard of reference, ourselves indeed in the case of the lower good, but, where reason prevails, the higher, nobler, and more universal good, where such is concerned. We stand, as it were, between these two classes, the one whose goodness lies in serving us, the other which it is our good to serve ; the former may be conceived as looking to us and regulating itself by us, while we in turn, as rational beings, are looking towards the latter, and regulating ourselves by it. To have the eye of the soul raised to that which is above, to be

ever looking up to one higher than ourselves, is the true mark of a perfect love. Thus it was love that made Christ do always the will of His Father, love that subjected Him for thirty years to Mary and Joseph, love that placed Him on His knees to wash His disciples' feet; and the only proof of our love for Him that He will accept, or rather the very substance of it, is that we keep His commandments.

It only remains to point out a principle of subdivision on the side of unselfish love, with the view chiefly of assigning its exact place to the act of perfect charity in the present order of things. It has been insisted on already, that the will could not tend by complacency and desire towards the higher good, were not our own good in some way involved; although the practical recognition of our own subordination to the higher end makes this, and not ourselves, the formal object of the act. This inclusion of our own good in the object of desire is sometimes spoken of as a necessary condition of our love, just as the reasonable demonstration of the preamble of faith is called a condition of our faith. But in neither case is the truth adequately expressed by this way of speaking. For, to pass over the subject of faith, our love, unselfish though it be, will take a different tone according to the way in which our own good is involved in the higher good, or, in other words, according to the grounds on which the fitness of our subjection to the higher rests. Now faith reveals to us that the goodness of God is communicated to us, not in such a way merely as to demand from us a cold benevolence, but as a friend's goodness is shared by a friend. Nay, our own share in God's goodness, our union with Him and our absorption into Him, is found by revelation to be of the closest and completest kind imaginable, of a kind that is only rendered possible by the elevation of our nature through grace to a participation of the Divine Nature itself. It is in the light, then, of this our faith that we elicit an act of perfect charity; an act of pure, supreme, and perfect love that stands alone among all the operations of the will, as that of faith is unique among all intellectual assents; an act in which we refer and subordinate our whole being to God, not merely with the natural knowledge that He is the Universal Good of all things in whom we live and move and have our being, but with the supernatural belief that to gaze with open face upon His glory is to be our everlasting reward exceeding great.

The Law of Husband and Wife.

PUBLIC attention has recently been much occupied with the latest judicial exposition of the Law of Husband and Wife. The judgments of the Court of Appeal, or rather the results to which, in the present state of the law, those judgments lead, have certainly taken us by surprise. And the manner in which the decision has been acted upon by police magistrates and Justices of the Peace seems even more astonishing. The matter is one of the gravest importance, and it may be well, before considering the case itself, to recall to our memory the true idea of marriage, its importance in the scheme of human society, and the office of the law in the working of that scheme.

The great French jurist, Domat, founded his celebrated plan of human society on a consideration of the end of man which leads to the two primary laws commanding the love of God and the love of our neighbour; and he tells us that besides the general ties which God makes amongst all men by their nature and their destination to one and the same end, there are particular engagements of two kinds which, as it were, point out to each one what it is that the Second Primary Law (the love of our neighbour) demands of him.

The first kind of these particular engagements comprises those which are formed by marriage and birth, while the second includes all other kinds of contracts formed by men with respect to their industries and the use of things. He points out how God has made marriage the foundation of civil society, having Himself united husband and wife, and made the man the head of this entire being, and adds that this headship "is the foundation of the authority which the civil law gives to the husband."

He then shows that the civil law is one of the great agents appointed by God for the preservation of human society, and to assist man to his end, which is the knowledge and love of

God. It is the means by which the authority given by God to the sovereign power is exercised. Its spirit is different from that of religion, since religion looks mainly to the mind and the heart, the good dispositions of which ought to be the principle of the external order of society, while the spirit of law is to maintain public order amongst men, whether they have the right inward dispositions or not, by employing even force and punishments, as occasion may require, for the accomplishment of its purpose. The two governments then, the spiritual and the temporal, although quite distinct, yet have for their common principle the Divine order, and ought, therefore, to agree together and support one another, so that all persons may be able to pay faithful obedience to both. We see, then, that the true dignity of the law consists in its being really a sister to religion; a frail sister, perhaps, and liable to be diverted from her right course by public opinion, especially where the influence of religion has become weak, and no longer guides the public mind or keeps it in due restraint—but a sister still, and of Divine institution. It is clear, then, that the civil law ought to do all in its power to consolidate and strengthen the stability of the marriage state. Has our law done this? or has it not, by removing one by one the safeguards and defences, reduced marriage to a mere civil contract, nay, a contract which, unlike any other, can virtually be cancelled at the will of either party?

We are all familiar with the progressive steps, commencing with small beginnings in the Court of Chancery, and culminating with the Act of 1882, by which the wife has obtained complete emancipation from the Common Law and from her husband in matters of property and contract. She is, if she has property of her own, quite independent of her husband so far as ways and means are concerned, and thus in many cases, one inducement to remain with him, viz., the fear of poverty, has been completely removed. Still it was thought that, during the continuance of the marriage, the wife ought to live with the husband! and that if she left him (or he deserted her) the law provided a remedy under the name of an action for restitution of conjugal rights. The Matrimonial Causes Act, 1884, however, provided that a decree for such restitution should no longer be enforced by imprisonment, but if the order obtained by the husband be not complied with, the court may, if it think fit, order a settlement to be made of the wife's property or earnings,

or part thereof, for the benefit of the husband and the children of the marriage. Now in most cases a woman's property is on her marriage settled upon her for her separate use "without power of anticipation;" that is, she is restrained from disposing of any part of the income before it comes into her hands. A recent decision of the Court of Appeal¹ that the Matrimonial Court is unable in such a case to alter the marriage settlement and remove the restraint on anticipation, renders the so-called decree for restitution of conjugal rights in many instances a mere farce; and in any case the decree does not restore the husband's rights, but gives him instead, if the court thinks fit to let him have anything, something to which before he had no right, viz., a little of his wife's property.

The case of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson may be shortly stated thus: The marriage took place with the full knowledge of the wife that the husband had to go abroad. Accordingly, a day or two after the marriage Mr. Jackson went to New Zealand with the understanding that Mrs. Jackson was shortly to follow him. At her request, however, he came back to England, only to find that she refused to live with him.

His next step was to apply for and obtain an order for restitution of conjugal rights. As Mrs. Jackson paid no attention whatever to this, her husband took her by force and locked her up in his house. The wife's relatives then applied to the Queen's Bench Division for a writ of *habeas corpus* to compel the husband to bring the body of the wife before the court. This writ was refused on the ground, we suppose, that the wife was not in illegal custody, but exactly where she ought to be. The Court of Appeal, however, under the presidency of the Lord Chancellor, reversed this decision and set the wife at liberty. The Lord Chancellor thought that the husband could not restrain his wife, except where there was danger of her eloping. And the court was of opinion that the husband could not exercise a power of imprisonment which the Legislature had taken away from the Matrimonial Court itself.

From the ordinary standpoint of fair play some of the strictures of the Judges on Mr. Jackson's conduct are open to exception. Thus, the Lord Chancellor, commenting on the rough manner in which the capture of the wife had been effected, said, "I confess I receive with indignation the statement of the facts in this case, and the utter absence of

¹ *Michell v. Michell*, L.R. [1891], p. 208.

any apparent sense of delicacy or the respect due to a wife, whom the husband has sworn to love, cherish, and protect." It was pointed out by one of our leading journals that it would be rather difficult for a man to love, cherish, and protect a wife who was always absent, and for practical purposes a mere stranger to him! And without defending all that Mr. Jackson did, it must, we think, occur to most persons as strange to talk of the respect due to a wife, who showed no respect whatever for the husband whom she had promised to honour and obey, and who apparently treated her life contract with him with less consideration than she would a contract with a milliner for a new bonnet. The decision itself goes no further than to say that a man has not the right to confine his wife except when he apprehends serious misconduct on her part, and it deals a death-blow to the old dicta, which gave, or were supposed to have given, the husband under the Common Law the right "moderately to chastise" his wife or to restrain her liberty. But what is the result? Prior to 1884 the husband could get a decree for restitution of conjugal rights, and if the wife refused to obey that order she was liable to be imprisoned. Now, however, the Legislature has substituted for this sanction the mere payment of a little money, *if* the wife has any and has not been restrained from anticipating it, and *if* the court thinks fit to order a settlement to be made. The Matrimonial Court then can no longer compel the wife to return, and *ex parte* Emily Jackson decides that the husband cannot do so either. The consequence is that a wife is enabled, if the fancy takes her, to leave her husband the day after the marriage, and in many cases will not have to suffer any inconvenience or pay one shilling for her liberty.

Such a state of the law is certainly very astonishing and could not even have been dreamed of in 1878; for then the Legislature empowered magistrates, under certain circumstances of cruelty on the part of the husband, to order "that the wife shall no longer be bound to cohabit with" him, thus implying that in the absence of such circumstances she *was* bound to live with him. Since the decision of the Appeal Court in the Jackson case some of our magistrates and Justices of the Peace seem to have regarded the Act of 1878 as virtually repealed, and to have thought that the more widely the knowledge of the wife's newly-defined liberty was spread amongst the poor the better. This is much to be lamented (1) because the statute is *not* repealed, and contains valuable

provisions as to the maintenance of the wife by the husband and as to the custody of the children; and (2) because it must be inexpedient to spread a knowledge of this liberty which the laxity of the law, though refusing to restrain, can scarcely wish to encourage.

But, having regard to the principles which we laid down at the commencement of this paper, we look upon the state of the law as radically wrong. If the function of the law is to support religion and morality, it ought to provide some means by which, in the absence of mutual consent to a separation, husband and wife could be compelled to live together, at least until it be shown that through utter incompatibility of temper, or some other sufficiently grave reason, life under the same roof would be clearly injurious to one or both, and even then no separation should take place without some kind of judicial intervention. It certainly ought not to be in the power of either party to set aside what is at least, and from a purely legal point of view, a solemn contract, by merely walking out of the house and refusing to return. Some such change is most earnestly to be advocated, but at present the only result of the Clitheroe case has been the introduction into the House of Commons of a Bill which, if it ever becomes law, will enable either husband or wife to obtain a divorce *a vinculo* on the ground of desertion alone for a period of four years. This will assimilate the English to the post-Reformation Scotch law, but will only take it further from the law of God. For, as Lord Penzance pointed out in his admirable letter to the *Times*, collusion in such cases will be very difficult to discover, and it will become easier than ever for people who are a little tired of each other to obtain a dissolution of their marriage, with liberty to enter upon a new partnership. Thus the last state of the English law may be worse than the first.

WILLIAM C. MAUDE.

Irish Worthies of the Sixteenth Century.

FATHER HENRY FITZSIMON (*continued*).

FATHER FITZSIMON was sometimes visited in prison by Dean Rider, the Protestant champion, with whom he had some "gentle bickerings," but not more, as Rider was afraid to meet a man whom he declared to be "in words too hard for a hundred." This Englishman was successively Rector of Winwick, Dean of St. Patrick's, Archdeacon of Meath, and Bishop of Killaloe, and was a man of influence in Dublin while Fitzsimon was in prison. He had the help of his Protestant brethren, and was able to publish three books against Fitzsimon, while the latter could answer only in writing, as he could not get leave to print from the Castle authorities, and would not publish his replies without the *imprimatur* of his Father General.

Fitzsimon's views concerning his adversary may be gathered from a few extracts from his printed works.¹ "This Mr. Rider was pronounced infamous by the voice of the public crier, the London Counter Prison often embraced him, the Dublin Tholsel denounced him as a Sir; from a Wigan miller, turning Oxford student by perjury (as I have it under the hand of his master, Mr. Sabinus Chamber), he became an abortive little master. This bad grammarian and worse vocabulary-maker, this convicted simoniac turned master of the Word; this notorious impostor, who was often imprisoned as well in England as in Ireland, the spendthrift become Dean, the quarrelsome rake metamorphosed into a Bishop—such is the wood from which these Mercuries and Minister-Bishops are made. Mr. Rider, by you, and such as you, the churches have been turned into stables, the vestments to cushions and trousers, the chalices to swilling-bowls, churchmen have been

¹ See my *Life, Letters, and Diary of Father H. Fitzsimon*, 51, 52, 80, 202, 204, 217, 224, 225, 243, 244, 281.

pursued, and thousands of religious houses have been profaned and burned. Yet you, Mr. Rider, quote St. Bernard against the Catholic priests, though all he says belongs to your last attire, wherein I did behold you, when you came forth in your short cloak and cassock, ungirded and lifted before on both sides, to present in sight a great trunk pair of French russet, or dowl purple velvet breeches. And at other times, when you glisten and rustle in your satin gown, faced with velvet, in your silks and in your pontificalibus—upon my conscience, among all the Princes of blood of the clergy whom I viewed in Rome or elsewhere, I did behold none so player-like, or whose altars were so far less bright than their spurs, as yours and your own self. You boast that you have proved my answer to be ‘brass.’ A speech in season, *Tractat fabrilis faber*. Being a baker, it is a pity you changed white for black. However, as you have 1,500 raziers or combs of corn, besides other commodities, in such a rich deanery, without any more functions, as you say, than any believing Christian, you should be commanded to sell double size to that of the poor Dublinian bakers, who buy their corn in the market and must bear cess and press, watch and ward, &c. You make an apostrophe to the city of Dublin. Dublin knows you too well, and few of your sort better, not only for your former hindrance of the bakers therein, but also for your transferring their trade of merchandize into your house and liberties among your own sons-in-law—they being foreigners and very fleshworms in Dublin; such as neither bear cess nor press, watch nor ward, toll nor custom, and in the meantime suck the juice of the city into their private purses under the warmth of your wings (to use your own phrase) and under the protection of your liberties.

“Since you have appealed to Eusebius, to him you shall go. I will once again, as the proverb says, exalt the baker to the pillory, and make no other than the witness by him alleged to nail his ears. . . . Your conclusion is, then, that treason is committed by injury to the pictures and persons alike. Then woe and well away to all your brethren image-breakers. Then woe and well away to Waller the murderer, under-minister of Swords, who, in the year 1603, hanged on a gibbet the image of Christ crucified. Then woe and well away to Mr. Rider, who, only to have stones to build an oven to bake bread (to impoverish the bakers of the city, not having idly or without price seventeen hundred barrels of corn yearly, as he hath),

pulled down the fair cross in St. Patrick's, which all others his predecessors of that profession had permitted unviolated ; and to the same use, to have fire, pulled down all the trees therein. This sentence of his, given against himself and brethren, made his own son, in May, 1604, when he attempted to pull down an image, to be by God's judgment precipitated from a height and altogether crushed, and at the same time caused his servant to be stricken with the plague.

"Alas! by such men the cross is in Ireland hanged in derision, trampled under foot in disdain, scornfully broken, and sacrilegiously burned. Who would not pity Mr. Rider's father if he had been at any charges (as he was not able) for his son's bringing up ; his teacher could not make entrance for Rider's head into philosophy nor for philosophy into his head. O rich deanery of St. Patrick's, how wouldst thou groan if thou didst feel the heft of the divinity of thy Dean ! Like a cuckoo, he is always repeating the same song over again, and for all his repetitions, I must say to him, as a gentleman said to a piper who oftsoons reiterated the same tune, he having once given him money—'Friend, vary thy note, if thou wilt have me increase my groat.' When he does vary, he does so with a vengeance. If our late Queen Elizabeth, industrious in giving names, termed an abrupt jumping dance a 'frog-galliard,' how would she have named the Dean's reasoning ? He attributes opinions to me which I hold not, and then runs after falsehood in me as a cat runs after his own tail. O Muses ! what step-mothers you have been to Mr. Rider !

"He meddles in grammar, and talks of the active and passive voice ! Unfortunately, this active and passive gloss is produced by him against himself, claiming to have him by all Protestants careful of their honour, sued to be a *deponent*. He often bids us read these and those in Greek ; gentle reader, for ostentation he biddeth us to do what he cannot do himself. For in my particular knowledge and experience, a blind man hath as much sight in his eyes as he hath good Greek in his head. Mr. Rider, in your first sermon in Dublin you five times accented as long the short 'i' of *sculptile*, and you said *templum Janum* instead of *templum Jani*. Whereupon the Lord Chancellor rebuked your audacious temerity in meddling in that Papistical language. Why, then, would you wade further in so unfortunate a ford, wherein you had been so publicly overplunged ? But as by your name Rider, you are a cavaliero and adventurous, I will

instruct yourself, and others (who perhaps will be therefore more thankful), of some few as great slips and trips of ignorance in Latin, testified in this your discourse, as would wrest shame out of impudence itself. What needeth this moth to intermeddle with the candle of learning, whereby his wings are so often scorched? By God's good providence he has been reprobated to confusion in all matter and sciences whereof he hath made any mention. Of his ignorance in Scripture, in the Fathers, in History, in Orthography, in Greek, in French, in Latin, in English, and now in spelling, against my will, he would needs convict himself ignorant. He writes *scilence*, *scholler*, which never scholar would have done; also *circumsicion*, and *Lattin*.

"To fail in all degrees and sciences, without knowing one faculty soundly, and yet to profess a general skill universally, and to possess such a deanery, entirely sheweth the Muses to be stepmothers to his constitution, himself to have lost great time in not following some other more convenient profession, and Church livings to have run clean out of their wonted channel, as soon to a dunce as a doctor. His own master at Oxford (at this time my dear brother), Mr. Sabinus Chamber, doth thus testify of him, under his hand: 'Mr. John Rider came to me to Oxford about the beginning of Lent, as I remember, in the year 1581, recommended by my aunt, by whom he was then maintained. He remained there till the Act, which is celebrated always in summer. In one and the same year he passed Bachelor and Master of Arts, by means of I know not what juggling and perjurie. I never had any scholar more indocile and unskilful. Before his answering I must have instructed him in all that I would oppose, and yet the next day he was never the wiser. The kind offices that my aunt and I did him if he deny, he must be profoundly impudent. This I testify under my hand, at Luxemburg, the 24th of December, 1604.'"

Father Fitzsimon says: "This man with Thrasonic bluster asked leave of the Lord Lieutenant to hold an oral discussion with me, and, having got it, he put off the meeting from day to day; and at last by the public sentence of the chief men of his party was condemned as an ignoramus and a trifler. As both the Constable of the Castle and his own man, Venables, will not deny, he never came at me without a covenant that we should not confer on matters of learning, to which his own

testimony accordeth wherein he says that 'in words I should be too hard for a hundred.' But we have had some gentle bickerings. One day at dinner he boldly asserted that the ancient Fathers denied Christ's presence in the Eucharist, *secundum literam*. 'Here is St. Augustine,' said I, 'and he has the very words, *secundum literam*.' He read them, grew pale, sighed, and turned to other topics. On St. Mathias' eve, the 23rd of February, 1603, I, taking the air in prison on the northern tower, saw Mr. Rider repairing to see Mr. Browne, and I requested him to ascend. After a few words, he asked me to inform him in a matter made doubtful to him by a great statesman—whether I was a Jesuit, or a priest, or both? I answered that I was unworthily both. He replied: 'Would you prefer yourself before a single secular priest?' I answered that I never yet had any controversy with any. He now being at a demur, I craved like favour in resolving not an unlike doubt of mine, Whether himself was a bare minister, or Dean, or both? He said, 'I am a minister and no Dean, it being a Papist title.' I replied: 'Then you are a Puritan, inasmuch as you refuse the name of Dean, and a Protestant as you hold the deanery of St. Patrick's.' He smiled at the conceit, and so departed. He cannot conceal the confusion he ever had in talking with me when at every word I disturbed his conceits. Mr. Tristram Eccleston, Constable of the Castle, Alderman Jans, Luke Shea, Esq., and others, can tell the plunge he and Minister Baffe wallowed in at our last meeting; he felt the brunt of my words at that time, by his own confession, to be irrefragable."

The following is the origin of the printed controversy:

"On the 29th of September, 1600, Mr. William Nugent, an honourable and learned esquire, maintained at Mr. Rider's table that there was no diversity of belief between Catholics of the present day and those who lived in the time of the Apostles. Mr. Rider maintained that the difference was as great as betwixt Protestantcy and Papacy. Both agreed to abide a lawful resolution of the learned. A counterfeit letter, as if from Catholics doubtful towards six articles therein specified, was written on the 21st of October, and required an answer within three months. It was couched in the following terms: 'To the Reverend Fathers, the holy Jesuits, Seminaries, and other priests that favour the holy Roman religion within the Kingdom of Ireland. . . .'

"To be brief, it was partly referred to me, and partly imposed, that I should decide this controversy, as well as one in prison, sequestered from all communication with my brethren, and divers other ways disabled and hindered, and of my slender capacity, in so short a time might accomplish.

"I accordingly despatched brief collections of Scriptures, Fathers, and evidences of most principal Protestants, as well of England as of other countries, and observed such order as from time to time I laid open before all beholders their evident demonstrations, that the cause of Mr. Nugent was most just, and the contrary altogether untrue. I sent them, the 2nd of January, 1601, in the name of the Catholic priests of Ireland, by my cousin, Mr. Michael Taylor, gentleman, who delivered them presently to Mr. Rider.

"He showed great contentment, great thanks, and gave great promises to reply with like expedition. He admits in his *Caveat* that he received the answer 'by a courteous gentleman,' whom he takes to be a priest, and he says it was subscribed by Maister Henry Fitzsimon. But it was not subscribed at that time. For, on the 6th of January, he repaired to me in the Castle, applauding the aforesaid answer, and saying it was beyond his expectation, and that he would rejoin thereto, if it were approved by my name and subscription. Mistrusting bad measure by such a demand, I remained slack to condescend thereto. Manifold protestations were made on the spot, as also in his letter to that effect, of great good-will to pleasure and benefit. Upon which flattering, but specially to honour my Saviour Jesus Christ and His invincible Church, I gratified him with my approbation and subscription, not fearing death or danger for my profession.

"Contrary to his promise, he published his reply on the 28th of September, 1602, before he had ever acquainted me therewith, in order that I might not have in readiness my answer to confront it. When at last every extended hand, yea, many avoiding hands, were filled with his reply under the name of *Caveat*—then, in that liberal dole, I was presented with one copy. Whereat, considering the tenor thereof, I stood amazed like one that had seen a bear whelping. Within forty-eight hours I advertised himself, that, if he would adventure to purchase me liberty to consult books, a clerk to engross my writings, and communication with my brethren, I would join issue with him even before the Lord Deputy and Council,

yea, also before his own pew-fellows of the College ; and that, if I did not convince his *Caveat* to be fraught with falsifications, depravations, corruptions, ignorance, and impiety, I would abide any penalty and punishment whatsoever.

"This sharp admonition urged him to propound the suit to the State. They of their bounty accorded that, at his discretion, books, access, and print should be allowed me. Books I confess to have had courteously from the College, a clerk¹ also, and that only I obtained. Other communication, but especially the print, was debarred me, notwithstanding all possible entreaty."

The prisoner, being weary of the obstacles thrown in his way, wrote to the Lord Deputy :

To the Lord Deputy, the Lord Mountjoy.

Sept. 28, 1602.

Right honourable our most singular good Lord,—Occasion of my presuming to write to your honour is tendered by Mr. Rider's book, in which it pleaseth him to specifie my name. He hath chosen your honour and the rest of Her Majesty's Privie Council to patronize his labours, and I, also, for my part, refuse not to abide your honour's censure and arbitrament. What Varus Geminus said to Augustus—"they that durst plead in his presence were ignorant of his greatness, and that they durst not, of his beniginitie,"—I may conveniently invert and apply to your Lordships—"they that adventure to stand to your arbitrament are audacious towards your profession, and they that do not are timorous of your disposition and uprightness."

We are at issue (in a matter of fact, as was lately in France, before the King, betwixt both professions) that they of us are to be taxed for impostors, who in our labours have wrested, perverted, and falsified the primitive Fathers of the Church. Which may easily be discerned, both by only perusing the volumes of the Fathers, and by verdict of all chief Protestants in the world, whom we undertake to testifie the foresaid Fathers to stand with us against Mr. Rider.

Vouchsafe of your especial affabilitie but one half day's trial, it shall appear, that either he is of whom Homer latinized speaketh—*Ille sapit solus, volitant alii velut umbræ*—or, for his presumptuous dedication of his book to your Honors, that he deserveth to be treated as Aristo, whom the Athenians punished for unworthy treating their commendations ; or as the silly poet, whom Sylla both warned and waged never to write ; or lastly, as Cherilus, whose verses Alexander considering, and finding but seven good, awarded for each of them a piece of gold, and for the residue so many buffets.

¹ His own nephew, Cary, as Rider says.

I truly am of St. Gregory's mind, saying, "Who, although weak, would not condemn the teeth of this Leviathan, unless the terror of the secular power did maintain them?" It is a double drift; for what

These persuade by flattering words,
Those enforce by smarting swords.

Deign, noble lord, but to suspend so long the sword; and faintness and falsehood will soon be revealed. God Almighty preserve your Honour for His and your glory. From the prison, September 28, 1602.

Your Honour's humble client to command, assuredly in Christ,

HENRY FITZSIMON.

"This letter being delivered ten days after that Mr. Rider's book came to light, the Deputy, being of fervent desire to further the disputation, sent for Mr. Rider, showed him the letter, and finding him relenting from the point, he sent me word by Mr. Henry Knevet, his gentleman usher, that, if I would indeed come to trial, the only means was to entreat them of the College, upon the credit of their cause and champion, to sue for such a disputation, and they themselves to be umpires. A hard condition, but necessary in that place and time. Meanwhile Mr. Rider came to me the 2nd of October, 1602, to reclaim his resignation of these controversies to Scriptures or Fathers severally, resolving not to accept the Fathers for arbiters, unless they had the Scriptures conjointly concurring with them. A poor retreat, because by word of mouth, and in print, he had appealed to them not conjointly, but severally; and again, because it is a silly imagination to think they may be separated. After my interview with the gentleman usher of the Deputy and with the Dean of St. Patrick's, I wrote the following letter to them of the College, but endorsed to Dr. Challenor:

Worthy Cousin,—Great men, in confidence of their cause, have resigned their conference and controversie to unequal judges, in sundrie subjects. Origen submitted his proceedings to an infidel's arbitrament, and prevailed against five adversaries. So Archelaus, Bishop in Mesopotamia, by like arbiter, did vanquish Manes. So did the Israelites surmount the Samorites. By whose example I have adventured to appeal unto, and endure your and the College adwardisment in this controversie betwixt Mr. Rider and me; that whither of us hath dissembled, or denied the effect and substance of authors by us alleged, concerning the consent of antiquity in Mr. Rider's cause or mine, must stand to any arbitrarie reprehension and condemnation it shall please you to denounce. Wherefore I crave that it will please

you to certify whether you will deign to be umpires, to award according to equitie and indifferencie. Whereunto that you condescend the rather I advouch, and, so God willing, will manifest, that also all chief Protestants in the world do stand with us in this controversie, confessing the ancient Fathers to be ours, and opposite to Mr. Rider. Let not any extraordinarie confidence procure any inconvenience, or pulpit commotions and exclamations, that posteritie may understand our courses to have becomed Christians. I expect your answer, committing you to God with affectionate desires of your happiness. November the 7th, 1602. Yours to command in Christ,

HENRY FITZSIMON.

"To this letter I received a mere Puritanical answer, full of sugared, affected words, vainly applied, and all the matter wrested in obscuritie with this only parcel to the purpose :

Concerning the judgment, which you would have our College for to yield as touching the cause between Mr. Dean Rider and you (providing always that you make us no partie), when we shall see your books, and have some small time to compare the same, by the mercie of God, we promise faithfully to perform it without all respect of person and partialitie in the cause. And I would to God that what effect Eutropius found, and those that vouchsafed themselves to be hearers of his judgment, the same, among any of us might feel and fynde, that do err from the truth of God, of ignorance or of knowledge ; for the Lord's arm is not so shrunken in, but that He may make us yet of a Saul a Paul. To whose grace I affectionately leave you. November the 8th, 1602. Your cousin, desiring in Christ you may be his brother,

L. CHALLENGOR.

"Behold the Puritans' letter (in style and pointing of themselves) to testify to all the world, that I being in prison (not being able to shrink out of their hands or punishment, whenever it should please them to cite or condemn me), yet did proffer, urge, and importunate the being confronted to Mr. Rider ! Let any therefore judge how Riderly it is assured, that I sought many sleights and delays from coming to this conflict.

"There being a jealousy betwixt them of the College and Mr. Rider, my appeal to their arbitrament was a heavy load upon his reputation, they not being partial in my part of the cause, and yet he loath to stand to their kindness. To gain time he would be tried nowhere but in Oxford. This evasion by all men was hissed at in all meetings, at his own table, and everywhere else ; so he was constrained to approach under the

lee, and into the friendship of those of the College. What packing there was betwixt them I know not ; but this I know, that he seemed froward to resign his cause to them. If conjecture on probable occasion be allowed, the Collegists told him that he had utterly betrayed himself in the main point, but yet that one only refuge remained—to wrest the matter of Christ's true presence to the term of Transubstantiation : that if I should not discover this foisting in the question of the name, instead of the question of the matter, Mr. Rider might well be supported against my proofs. Such to have been the quirk of all their consultation, and the only hope whereupon Mr. Rider hanged his confidence, by diligent observation of the circumstances may be collected. But, as I said, never before the month of April, 1604, could Mr. Rider be purchased to abide the arbitrament of his own pew-fellows, the Collegists.

“Now was my banishment by His Majesty licensed, to the disgust and distrust of Mr. Rider, lest that, being out of his grips, I would publish the certainty of all our courses ; and to the greater terror of him, because I certified all Protestants repairing to the Castle that I was sincerely determined to do no less than he feared, at my first leisure and commodity. Whereat new exprobrations at every instant falling on him, he made that wise *Rescript* to which now I answer ; which being made, the Right Worshipful Mayor of the city, not being ignorant of all the circumstances (although, to his immortal infamy, a most timorous Catholic, as one that most exactly knew their impiety, yet for worldly fear conformed himself thereto), challenged him publicly of dastardliness in wounding a man bound, trampling on one in restraint, and triumphing against one not permitted to resist, by writing publicly against me who was not allowed to defend myself. Mr. Rider, at this importunate provocation, blustering into choler, assured him in the public market, that even to my face he would confound me to be guilty of all tergiversation used in the proceedings, if the Mayor would vouchsafe to accompany him to the Castle, to which motion the Mayor condescended, in the meantime inviting him to dinner, lest he would relent or repent this vaunted resolution.

“At dinner-time the Mayor sent one of his sergeants to certify me distinctly of all the aforesaid occurrences. I answered (notwithstanding my former alienation for the aforesaid schism of the Mayor, not denying but he had otherwise ever obliged

me), that I would most willingly that such motion in any case should not be overslipped, but brought to examination. On the 4th of April, 1604, the Mayor, Justice Palmer, Captain Godl (the Councillor Sir Richard Cook, out of his chamber in the Castle, being within hearing and privy to all our proceedings), and others, to the number, with them of the guard, of about a hundred, standing in the Castle court, I was summoned by my keeper to appear. Some little pause there was before I came, and suddenly Mr. Rider, thinking that, contrary to my custom, I would temporize in the heat I ever professed towards maintaining religion, began to glorify that he knew I durst not come. At length I came, and inquired their pleasure. Mr. Rider declared that he came to have a promised legible copy, or my subscribing that which I had delivered, or my going to trial before them of the College.

"To the first of these three points I answered, his own mouth should confess the copy to be legible, which I proved in manner premised. To the second, that if I could not prove his falsification of my private letter, I would subscribe my whole answer; which when I did prove (as all or any then present will avow) so directly and perspicuously that he blushed, and they all blamed him for falsification, I told them there should need no such approbation, considering that our issue should be not upon the future, but even upon the *Caveat* and my allegations therein contained in legible print. To the last, of going to the College, I accepted it at that instant, reaching him a gold ring, which he should not deliver me but in that place. He took it, and now (as Julius Cæsar said when he had passed the River Rubicon, *facta est alea*—'The die is cast') there could be no tergiversation; either we must have gone forward with main force, or we could not retire without foil and dishonour. What was, think you, the issue? Mr. Rider would needs restore me my ring, pretending 'that he must have license of the State for so public an act, which license he doubted not to obtain at their sitting the day following.' 'Nay,' said I, 'you have had license from the beginning for this disputation, by lawful warrant, as you showed me yourself: so that I will not receive my ring until you present it me (unless you have other excuse) in place accorded.' His own consociates, the Reformed crew, what in wailing, what in railing, sought to draw or drive him from so ignominious revolting from the trial by himself first sought, in three years' space daily boasted of, at this time before my

departure to be effected or not at all, and then disclaimed in the face of the world, until needless new license might be obtained. But he dividing up and down sparkles of railing rage, gave them leave to say their pleasure and to swallow their displeasure, and threatened, if I would not receive the ring, to throw it away, which, notwithstanding, I would not accept, alleging the bargain for a lawful disputation to have been fully and authentically contracted, and now to be irrevocable. But he would not retain it, and so the Mayor took it into custody, till hope and speech of a disputation vanished.

"All the Protestants were ashamed of their champion, whose provocation was a perfect imitation of the challenge sent by Francis the First to Charles the Fifth. It is not long since this happened in the sight of so many witnesses, that it may be well remembered, and I am not so prodigal of my good name that I would forge in a matter subject to so much censures as might fall on an untruth of like quality, if the thing were not notorious and beyond all disproof. The aforesaid Justice Palmer, the Captain, and all the others publicly censured him, and said my copy was legible and correctly written. They exclaimed against him, that I so resolutely presented to go instantly with him, to hold a disputation in the College; that he was known to have long before allowance and warrant from the State towards such conference, and yet would not enter the lists; and that being publicly come to provoke, and the combat being accepted, he, like a Jubelius, would, to the dishonour of his cause, flinch away and retire most dastard-like. Surely there was among the soldiers so great hissing of their champion after his departure, and so great jealousy against the profession whereunto such sleights and acts of hypocrisy were the chief defence, that eight or ten of them thereupon shortly after came to be reconciled. Thus, Mr. Rider remained confounded, 'and stript of buckler, casque, and spear.'

"The next day the Council was sitting close upon accounts, and Mr. Rider, for his credit's sake, having attended till full dinner-time, to have their allowance to dispute, and not willing to depart until he had motioned to the State what he intended towards the disputation, he came up at length to dine among us prisoners. Some gentle bickerings chanced betwixt us about the Angelical Salutation to our Blessed Lady in Greek. He and his fellow, Balfe, in presence of the Constable, who, I imagine, will not lightly lie on either side, were found so

exorbitantly confounded and disgraced, and wallowed in such a plunge, that the Constable, ashamed to impose silence, could remain no longer, and Mr. Rider, according to his wont, fell from reason to railing, not sparing or respecting me more than his father's son's companion. I was no less with him than traitor, fool, liar, knave," &c.

This is, no doubt, the controversy to which Fitzsimon thus refers in his *Britannomachia*: "I remember well also the nonsense which a certain young minister, the chaplain to Oliver Lambert, uttered in the presence of Tristram Eccleston, Lieutenant of Dublin Castle, of Mr. Mark Shee, and Mr. Patrick Archer, who to-day are in honour with all, but then, as illustrious confessors of Christ, were detained in prison with me. Well, this young wight affirmed to me on oath that he had seen, read, and long studied the Hebrew Gospel of St. Luke, in which the first word of the Angel's Salutation was not *Ave*, but *Chavech*!"

The Tercentenary of St. Aloysius.

OUR Holy Father Leo the Thirteenth has shown a more than usual interest in the celebration of the third centenary of the death of St. Aloysius, which occurs on the 21st of this month. There was a personal motive which moved him to this—the “great devotion which from his earliest years he had ever felt towards the angelic youth,” to quote the words of his beautiful Encyclical Letter of the first day of the new year. But, as he himself says, he was urged by a still weightier motive—the desire to hold up to the youth of our day an example of innocence jealously and heroically guarded, a contempt of the wealth and honour of this world, and an unshaken fidelity to our Mother the Church and to the Holy See.

While he praises the energy of the Catholic sodalities in Italy and throughout the whole Christian world, in planning the solemnities and festivities by which it is to be honoured, the young men’s pilgrimage to Rome and Castiglione, and the album of signatures, which are being collected, of children and of their parents to be sent to the Saint’s shrine, His Holiness has opened the treasure-house of spiritual favours, and enriched with a number of Indulgences, Plenary and Partial, the solemn novenas and triduos which are to precede the 21st of June.

One result of this movement of devotion will be to make the Saint better known. The spirit of our times is a spirit of critical inquiring. We want to know more than our pious ancestors cared to know. What were the Saints like in their personal appearance, what their surroundings moral and physical, what their distinguishing features, what the tone of their character? We pry into the smallest details of their lives, we strip them of the generalities which were supposed to ennoble them by putting them beyond our inspection amidst the clouds, as did our religious painters of old, making of mortals immortals.

This curiosity has its good side. The inquiry had already been made, and in the minute and searching investigations of the Processes of Canonization, details of the most interesting and instructive kind lie thick as nuggets in a rich and unexplored gold-mine. But when the work was done and the verdict given, these were comparatively uncared for.

Now we seek out and treasure these very details because they show us the Saint as he was, of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, however marvellously grace had worked in him ; not lowering but exalting him, because of such stuff has been made so great a Saint. *Tantillus puer, tantus Dei servus.*

And this is perhaps more wanted in the case of St. Aloysius than in some others, for the simple reason that his graces were so extraordinary and exceptional that he seemed even to those who lived with him more like an angel than a child of Adam. We want those little touches which make us feel that we are akin to him, and that however high above us he may be, he was and is still one of us ; and his holiness was acquired by efforts the same in kind as those which are demanded of us, although greater in degree, because of the greater intensity of a will all aflame with love for God.

The life of St. Aloysius was cast in stirring times. He lived through the days of the religious wars in France and Flanders, the days of our Elizabeth and of the Spanish Armada. His kinsfolk were warriors and statesmen, he was related to the Hapsburghs, and the Bourbons, the Hohenzollern, and the ducal houses of Mantua, of Savoy, and Florence. His relative, Don Ferrante, his father's namesake, fought at St. Quentin, and ruled in Sicily, and we find him at Hampton Court receiving costly presents from Henry the Eighth on the occasion of a treaty between England and Charles the Fifth. St. Aloysius was the playmate of Marie de' Medici, with whom he ran, when they, children all of them, raced around the fountains and flowers in the bright Boboli gardens. He was a page in the stately Court of Philip the Second, at the Alcazar of Madrid, then the centre of a vast kingdom, and he lived amidst the courtiers of so many lands who came to seek the favour of that many-sided and autocratic prince.

Father Schröder, in his exhaustive work which is so soon to see the light, has studied the account-books of the Saint when he was a boy in Florence, and we can see him and his brother Rudolph in all their bravery when they went as pages of honour

on Sundays and feast-days to the Pitti Palace. We watch them as they leave their fine house in the Via degl' Angeli, with their aristocratic tutor. They are dressed in doublets of white satin, trimmed with gold and silver lace and glorious in gold and silver buttons, little cloaks with jaunty hoods of black serge trimmed with black satin and velvet fall over their shoulders. They wear breeches of fine wool, slashed with white satin, blue hose, richly-gilt rapiers hanging from embroidered belts, and dainty black velvet caps, with their plumes of black and white feathers.

We follow them on their mules in their excursion to the chestnut-covered slopes of the Bagni di Lucca, to see their sick father, and we watch them at their pic-nic on the hill. We can read that they were not above tops, and that they had masters of dancing, as well as professors of Latin and Tuscan.

We find talents and prudence and tact in the youth which gave promise of great things in the man, and which made his people regret him as a ruler, and his brethren in religion call him the *Generalino*, and look to him as a future glory and guide of their Order.

But the letters which we owe to the Abbate Professore Iozzi help us still more to read the character of the Saint, and tell pathetically the family sorrows and troubles which pursued him even into religious life. Nothing is more touching or more instructive than the tact and the firmness with which he forced his wild brother Rudolph from his equivocal position, and then endeavoured to buttress up a character whose passionate absence of control was to lead, after the Saint's death, to such a series of tragedies.

Quite in harmony with all that was known before, but bringing it out much more clearly into the light, we can see how the deeply affectionate soul of the Saint did not break the natural ties that bound him to his own, but transfigured them, and while strengthening them made him devote his energy to the sanctification of his family circle. The terrible conclusion of Rudolph's love match, the murder of his uncle, and his own assassination, the death of his youngest brother in the arms of his mother at the hand of the outlaws who sought her life, all this background of horror makes the character of St. Aloysius, blood of their blood and bone of their bone, stand out the more strikingly in its purity and patience. There was a natural fitness that as he had gained for his father a happy and

Christian end, so to his poor mother, wounded to death in body, but still more in soul, her eldest son, whom she had so generously given up for God, should appear in a globe of glory, and bring her back to health and strength, one of the first of his miracles of that cloud of witnesses which has won for him the title of Thaumaturgus.

So too may St. Aloysius be a helper in many a home darkened by the clouds of sorrow and the misconduct of youth. So too will he bless in our days those who loyally and bravely try to follow him, keeping the lily of their purity unstained and unbroken in the foul atmosphere and wild storms of our time.

The Scythe and the Sword.

A ROMANCE OF OSGOLDCROSS.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE PASSAGE OF MANY YEARS.

AFTER that time many years came and went and brought nothing of moment with them. It seemed indeed to me that however the great world's affairs might go, nought disturbed us at Dale's Fields, where the seasons travelled round with monotonous regularity. Now it was winter and now spring, and with the latter came fresh flowers and the bleating of lambs, and summer followed only to be driven forth by apple-checked autumn, and so the year completed its cycle and was in its turn compelled to give way to its successor. But as the seasons came and went I grew older, and became conscious of it all of a sudden. For I perceived at last that I was grown head and shoulders above my mother, who herself was a tall woman, and I was not a little proud to feel that I was approaching manhood.

I had pleaded hard after my father's sudden death to be allowed to remain at home and help my mother in managing the farm, for I knew that she would need a helping hand and head where there was so much to do. There would, I foresaw, be many an occasion when she would need some one to carry messages and ride forth on business, and it seemed to me that I was the one to undertake such affairs. And for a time my mother, feeling the loneliness of her position, was minded to keep me at home to help her. But having taken counsel, as was her wont upon all important matters, with Parson Drumbleforth, she considered it best that I should go back to Dr. Parsons for a twelvemonth at least.

"Thou wilt do thy poor mother most good, Will," said Parson Drumbleforth, "by going back to thy book and attending

thereto. As to farm matters, she hath Jacob Trusty to assist her, and a wiser man in husbandry I know not. Go back then, lad, to my good friend Dr. Parsons, and mind thy book for the space of a year, and get some strength into those great bones of thine against the time when thou wilt be master of Dale's Field."

And with that I was fain to be content, and returned to school, determined to do my duty there until such times as I was called to do it elsewhere. Yet I cared little about book-learning, for my head was always running after what things were going on at Dale's Field, and I fear that my mind was often with Jacob Trusty and Timothy Grass when it ought to have been immersed in far diverse matters. It was, for example, a hard thing to sit in the ancient school-house on a fine spring morning, staring at the grammar and remembering that at that very moment Jacob Trusty was probably counting the young lambs in the home meadow. At such times I used to wish that I could jump across the country and join Jacob for an hour, so inviting was the thought of the green fields and bright sunshine. However, I had a good deal of consolation in the weekly home-going, for I ran off homewards as soon as school was over on Fridays and did not return until Monday morning. By my mother's pleasure I was often accompanied on these week-end visits by one or other of my fellows, Ben Tuckett, or Tom Thorpe, and on the Saturday we were as often as not joined by Jack Drumbleforth, with whom we had many a royal day at birds'-nesting, so that the country round there became as familiar to us as the lines on our hands. And once or twice at holiday times I had all three lads to stay with me at Dale's Field, and our merry-making was great.

So the time went on, and I was growing every month and assuming vast proportions, so that people who knew me not stared in astonishment on learning my age, and thought me older than I was. For at my fifteenth year I was nearly six feet high and well-fashioned into the bargain, being broad-shouldered and properly proportioned, and having nothing of the beanstalk about me as so many fast-growing lads have. Moreover, I was developing considerable strength and could lift and carry a load of wheat or potatoes as easily as if it were a pike-staff. But Jacob Trusty would not allow me to do much in that way.

"Husband thy strength, William," he was wont to say,

"husband thy strength. For what good will it do thee to show folk how strong thou art now? 'Tis a fine sight, doubtless, to see so young a lad possess the strength of a grown man, but such things are, after all, but in the way of sight-seeing and afford only a passing curiosity. Keep thy strength, lad, for thy manhood, for thou may'st find a time of blows, and worse, coming."

Now when I was fifteen I told my mother with all respect that I thought it time I was busied about the farm and learning the active duties of life. And in this view I was supported by Dr. Parsons, who drove over to Dale's Field one day during the holidays in order to talk with my mother about me. I can see him now as he sat in my mother's parlour, a little round figure in sober black, with a bald head and gold spectacles, over which he would occasionally blink at me, as if wondering at my great height and breadth.

"Mistress Dale," said the Doctor, "as for your great lad here, I fear he must leave me. For look you, he is a man already in size, a regular Anak, and towers head and shoulders above his fellows."

"As he does above me, sir," said my mother, with a smile.

"Yea, and above me, his master. Well, dame, but the lad's heart is always with ye here, and his head is always running on sheep and cattle, turnip and wheat, sowing and reaping. And so now, having made him into a fair scholar, let him set to and make a better farmer."

"I trust he has done his duty, sir?" said my mother.

"He hath been a good lad, mistress, a good lad indeed. For if he hath been slow he hath made sure, which is high praise. Yea, I am well enough pleased with thee, Will, and wish thee well."

And so I was fairly entered upon my life's business, which, as I understood it, was to do my duty to the land which my fathers had left me and hand it forward to my successors even better than when I found it. I need not tell you that I entered into my new mode of life with great eagerness. A proud lad I was when my mother bought me a new horse whereon to ride about the farm, and fitted me up in addition with a new saddle and bridle. My old schoolmates envied me not a little when they saw my new state. They, too, were leaving school and going into the world, but none of them were thrown into such pleasant occupation as mine. I at least thought so, and so I

believe did they. For Jack Drumbleforth was going to Oxford so that he might in time become a parson, and Tom Thorpe had been articled to Mr. Hook the lawyer, and would henceforth have to live amongst the parchment and ink, while poor Ben Tuckett, meeting the worst fate of all, was apprenticed to a grocer of Pontefract and liked the prospect ill.

"You are the one to be envied, Will," said Jack Drumbleforth, "for you will be able to breathe fresh air every minute of the day if you are so minded, while I am poring over old books and while Tom is hunting ancient parchments and poor Ben is frying in the grocer's shop. However, lads, 'tis all in a life and will be all the same a hundred years hence. I dare say we shall all meet again sooner or later."

But with Jack Drumbleforth we did not meet often during the next few years, for he presently went away to Oxford and was entered at one of the Colleges, and only came home to see his father once a year in the summer time. But Tom Thorpe and Ben Tuckett used to come to Dale's Field often, for they were both apprenticed in Pontefract, and it was a pleasant walk across the meadows, so that they both took to coming every Sunday, and we made them heartily welcome and looked for them as a regular thing. And in the summer, when Jack Drumbleforth was at home, we had some gay meetings, for Jack was always full of life and suffered no one to be dull in his presence. He would come and stay all day in our harvest-field, eating and drinking with me and the men and making merry with all until the sun set. And we always held our harvest-home supper before the time came for Jack to go back to his College, for he professed that he lived upon the remembrance of it for all the succeeding winter.

So the years went on, quietly and uneventfully for us at Dale's Field. Time had somewhat healed our great sorrow, though it could never wholly destroy it. My mother had grown resigned, even happy again, and she took great pride in her children. Lucy was growing a fine girl by that time and was a great help in the house, for she seemed to possess my mother's clever ways and was an adept at all domestic matters of preserving and baking and cooking and so forth. She was growing up not unlike my mother, that is to say, she was a tall, well-made girl with pleasant features and kind eyes and brown hair, which I believe Master Ben Tuckett learnt to admire even in our school-days. For Lucy was Ben's goddess, and he would

fetch and carry for her like any dog. Nay, it dawned upon me as time went on that Ben had fallen in love with Lucy, such signs did he sometimes show of it. And I minded not, for I loved them both, and Ben was a good fellow. But I said nought of it even to my mother, being minded to let matters take their course.

In the year in which I came of age our harvest was an uncommonly favourable one. We had warm and nourishing rains in spring and abundant sunshine afterwards, and the corn had sprung and shot and ripened and was ready for the scythe by the end of July. And for many a week after that we had favourable weather, for day after day dawned bright and hot, and our men were in the fields early and late, cutting the grain with scythe and sickle, and binding and setting up the sheaves in long rows across the stubble. We had not, I think, a shower of rain during all that time of ingathering, and we were pleased and thankful that we should have such a favourable harvest. We were a little over a month in reaping and housing our crops, and it was getting near to my birthday in the second week of August, when our last field was ready to be cleared. So it seemed good to my mother that we should hold a merry-making in honour of my coming to man's estate at the same time as we held our harvest-home.

"For it will all be one trouble and one preparation, Will," she said, "and we shall have but one asking of our guests. Yet we must have some extra merry-making at a time like this, when you are going to enter into man's estate and your own land at the same time."

"Nay, mother," said I, "what do I want more than to serve you?"

For, indeed, I cared not about their legal formalities, which would transfer the broad acres of Dale's Field to me from those who had held them in trust. So long as they were ours and we were living upon them, I cared for nothing more.

"Nay," said she, "my son must enter into his father's possessions. Ah, Will, thou art so like thy father now. I think I see him in thee, just as he was two-and-twenty years ago. Well, but what shall we do at this feast, Will?"

"Nay," said I, "I am no hand at that sort of thing, mother. Let us consult Jack Drumbleforth. He will know what we should do and tell us how to do it."

And I went out and found Jack in our stack-yard, where

he was talking with Jacob Trusty, and carried him into the great kitchen, where my mother and Lucy were making fruit-pies, and there we explained to Jack what it was we wished to do.

"Why," said he, "what you want first of all, Mistress Dale, is to fill your larder with provisions. I warrant that everybody will be hungry and thirsty at a time like that."

"If that be all," said my mother, "nobody shall have cause to go away sorrowful."

"Well, 'tis not all, but 'tis a great deal. What say you, now, if you have a great feast in the big barn? Or, what, 'tis fine weather, why not have it on the lawn outside here, and a dance to follow. You will ask all your friends, Will, and indeed make everybody who likes to come welcome."

"Any one shall be welcome who comes that day," said my mother.

"We will have great doings," said Jack, rubbing his hands. "See to it that there is plenty to eat and drink, Mistress Dale, and I will do all the rest. Come thou with me, Will, and we will talk matters over with Jacob Trusty."

CHAPTER X.

OF MY COMING OF AGE.

DURING the next few days Jack Drumbleforth was in his element. Nought pleased him so well as to be manager of a feast or entertainment, and he found vast delight in making plans how this or that should be done, and in what order the guests should sit, and so with a multitude of matters which would have caused me a great deal of discomfort. I was well pleased to have Jack close at hand at this time, for he took the weight off my shoulders and left me free, which was what I wanted.

The final arrangement come to between Jack and my mother, with Lucy thrown in as counsellor, was that we should have two entertainments, the first for the labourers, and their wives and children, the second for our friends and acquaintance, and such of our own quality as might drop in upon us. This we thought to be better than entertaining all together, as it left us free to pay more attention to our

guests than if they had all come upon one day. Again, said Jack, the men would feel more at home amongst themselves, and would cut their jokes and amuse themselves better than in the presence of their masters. So we fixed the entertainment for the labourers on the 23rd of August, that being my birthday, and for our other friends on the 24th. These things being settled, my mother and Lucy set to work with a right good-will, and very soon our larder began to look as if we were threatened with a siege. I was at that time always blessed with a good appetite—indeed, I thank God, I always have been—and it used to whet it to look through the latticed window and see the good things which their nimble fingers had shaped in honour of the coming feast. I used to call Jack Drumbleforth, and bade him peep through the lattices too, at which Jack's mouth would water, for he, too, was endowed with a healthy appetite, so that we were often forced to cut ourselves a great slice of cold pie, and wash it down with a quart of ale out of sympathy. Nor did we ever find that these slight refreshments interfered with our meals, though I have heard people say that to eat between breakfast and dinner is to spoil the latter.

It was no slight trouble to invite the guests to our entertainment, for my mother was anxious that all our acquaintance should come, and as many of them were hard to get at, I had no little riding about to do before I had got them all invited. As for the labourers, we decided that all who had ever done a day's work for us at odd times should come, with their wives and families, and that all our present hands should have the privilege of asking a friend. In this way there was a goodly assemblage gathered together in our great barn when the day came. The barn, thanks to Jack Drumbleforth, had been very gaily decorated with boughs and flowers, and looked quite inviting as one entered it from the stack-yard. My mother, indeed, said that she had never seen a prettier sight than it presented when all the company were met, and Parson Drumbleforth rose up to say grace before meat.

And indeed, a pleasant sight it was, and one that did my heart good to see. For right down the centre of the barn ran a long table, which the carpenter had fixed up that morning, with benches on either side that would seat each over fifty persons. The walls were gaily spread with fresh-plucked boughs, and Lucy had ornamented the table with

bunches of flowers, so that there was green, and red, and white, and blue everywhere. But if the flowers on the table looked well, what shall I say of all the goodly dishes that almost hid the snow-white cloth from sight? My mother, like all good housewives, loved hospitality, and nothing would satisfy her but that she must put before her guests all that she could devise or our larder command. I do not think that the daintiest epicure could have found fault with our table that night, for if the fare was homely, it was well cooked and pleasantly served, which is no small matter. As for the beef, it was of Jacob Trusty's own feeding, and so was the bacon, and our people seemed to think that there was additional recommendation in that. At any rate, they praised both by sending up their plates time and again, and the carvers had a merry time of it, and so had Jack Drumbleforth, whose office it was to preside at the great barrel of ale that had been placed in the coolest corner of the barn. Everybody, indeed, was at his or her busiest attending to the wants of our guests, and my mother's face beamed with satisfaction as she watched the men and their wives and children enjoying their entertainment.

Though I had somewhat hung back from it, being always loth to put myself forward, they had forced me, saying it was the proper thing, to take the chair at the head of the long table, and preside over this great feast. So there I sat in my best, feeling as if every eye was fixed upon me, and yet very proud withal of the honour, and Jacob Trusty and Timothy Grass, being our oldest men, sat one on either side of me, while Parson Drumbleforth sat at the foot of the table as vice-chairman. While the supper was being discussed, every man was too busily engaged to think of aught else, but when all had eaten their fill and their minds had a chance, certain of the older men began to look at Jacob Trusty and cough in a significant manner, so that I immediately grew very hot about the ears, knowing right well that they wanted Jacob to propose my health, which would oblige me to make a speech in reply. For a time, however, Jacob Trusty did not choose to take the hint: perhaps he was already composing his speech in his own mind, or waiting for an idea to come to him. However, the silence and the expectant looks continuing, Timothy Grass thought it well to call Jacob's attention to the matter.

"I think, Jacob," said Timothy Grass, "I think the folks

expect a word or two from you, it being a great occasion, and you the eldest man present. So up, Jacob, and let us hear what hast got to say, man."

I think that Jacob was secretly pleased with his mission, and felt his own importance in the matter, though, like other greater men, he pretended that he rose with diffidence and was unprepared to sustain so difficult a part. Jack Drumbleforth, too, said that he was minded to believe that Jacob had been committing his little speech to memory, and practising it in spare moments, but I paid no heed to Jack, knowing of old that Jacob was a ready talker, and never fast for words. However, I question whether Jacob ever had so large an audience, or such an attentive one as upon that occasion, for every eye was turned upon him, and the youngest stable-boy ran outside into the fold to drive away the hens which were cackling and clucking without the barn-door.

"Master William, and friends all," said Jacob, when he had fairly gotten upon his legs and Parson Drumbleforth had rapped loudly upon the table to command attention. "Master William, and friends all, this is a great occasion and has been honoured accordingly. I thank God that I have lived to see it, to see the lad grow into a man. And such a man! Friends, I have seen three generations of Dales, and they have all been big men, but this is bigger all ways, length and breadth, wherefore, I say, I am glad, because the old stock is as fine as ever. Now, there's some among you who can remember Master William being born, and how he grew up to a lad, and you've seen him change from a lad to a man. All that I've seen too, perhaps a bit closer than most of you, because he's been mine from the very first, and he'll not deny it. Who showed him his first bird's-nest but Jacob Trusty? Who made him his first whip, or gave him his first ride a horseback but me? I ha' done a deal for him, child and boy, and I feel a sort o' right in him. Well, friends all, Master William has come to manhood at last, and here he sits among us, master of the good old acres on which you and me have toiled. Here he sits for all to look at and admire, a fine big man like his fathers, six foot four in his stockings and strong as a bull. And so friends, having seen him grow up to manhood, I have seen all I wished for and can die happy. 'Tis but a poor way of saying it, but Master William knows how old Jacob loves him and the old place. So now, friends, young and old, fill your glasses. Fill

'em up, and drink 'em off to the health and long life of William Dale."

I can see him now as he stood there, tall, erect, silver-haired, in his clean smock and gay neckkerchief, his old weather-beaten, wrinkled face shining with good-humour, and a tear in his bright blue eye as he lifted his glass to drink my health. I can feel the clasp of his hard, horny hand as he grasped mine and said, "God bless thee, William, lad, God bless thee!" No heartier or truer hand-clasp ever met mine than that, for no man ever loved me more than Jacob Trusty.

There was quite a storm of shouting and cheering when Jacob had done, and I was outfaced with the warmth of the reception given to me. Then came Jack Drumbleforth to the back of my chair, whispering me to rise and speak while the iron was hot, and then I found myself on my legs, staring at the eager faces before me, and wondering what I was going to say. As to what I did say I cannot tell, though I can remember everything that old Jacob said. But I spoke from my heart and thanked them for their kindly feeling to me and mine, and promised to be a good master to all who worked and should work for me, and swore that no man who ever tilled my land should want food or shelter if any evil day fell upon him and his, which vow I have faithfully kept to this present. And after that there were more healths drunk, and Parson Drumbleforth made us a serious speech, after which his son Jack made us a merry one, whereat everybody laughed heartily. And then the whole company adjourned into the orchard, where the elder people sat about under the trees, and the children played at various sports devised by Ben Tuckett and my sister Lucy, and everything went as merry as a marriage bell. As for Jack Drumbleforth, he was here, there, and everywhere, superintending this and arranging that, while his father and my mother and I walked about from group to group, saying a word to every one, and bidding all hearty welcome to Dale's Field. When all were tired of further merry-making there was more ale and refreshment served out, and then I stood at the orchard gate and shook hands with all as they went homeward, receiving their blessings as they passed away.

"Odd's fish!" said Jack Drumbleforth when the last was gone, "I am as dry as if I had sat before a lime-kiln this five hours. It is hard work this merry-making, after all, Will. However, what matters a dry throat and tired legs, if other

folk are pleased. Thy guests—I think they all enjoyed their entertainment, Will?”

“That indeed they did, Jack, thanks to you.”

“Nay, man, no thanks to me. But I am so hungry that I must inside and persuade Lucy to give me a cut of game pie and a pint of ale. ’Tis supper-time already. Come in, Will, and join me.”

But I was in no humour for it just then. My head was all in a whirl with the events of the evening, and I was anxious to take a quiet walk round my meadows in the moonlight to get the heat and noise out of my brain. Already through the lighted window I could see my mother and Lucy and Ben Tuckett and Parson Drumbleforth gathering round the suppertable, well pleased with the day’s proceedings. I bade Jack go in and join them.

“I am going for a walk round the meadow, Jack,” I said. “Tell them I will come in presently when my head cools. The noise rings in it yet.”

So I went away through the orchard into the home meadows and wandered, thinking of many things, across the dewy grass in the direction of the woods. The harvest-moon was at its full, and the air was soft and warm. From the road beyond Dale’s Field came the sound of a post-chaise driven rapidly onward by the hurrying post-boy. The sound of the wheels died away as I walked across the shining grass; and then the silence was complete. I lifted my hat and let the cool air sweep over my forehead. I thought of what good old Jacob had said, and of the hearty expressions of good-will which had come to me on every side. These thoughts were serious and weighty, and made me think much of my new responsibilities. For I was now Dale of Dale’s Field, and the broad acres around me were mine.

I was in no hurry to turn homewards, and half-unconsciously I passed into the wood and went down the path that led to the mill by the river-side. The wheel was turning slowly and the spray darted like silver in the moonlight. I stood in the lane and watched it for awhile, and then I turned down towards Wentbridge, thinking to reach home by the road. I remembered that I must say good-night to Parson Drumbleforth and Jack before they drove homewards, and I hurried my steps, chiding myself that my thoughts had carried me so far afield. But as I reached the foot of the lane and was turning up the

hill I came upon two figures in the moonlight, at sight of whom I stopped. A man, on horseback, evidently booted and spurred for a journey, sat bending down to speak to a female whose hand lay on his horse's bridle. At sound of my foot the man looked up. I could not see his face, but the moon shone full on my own. He raised his hand.

"Ah!" said he, "and that is not Will Dale I am dreaming! Will, is it not you? It is years since we met, lad, and 'twas a sad time—but, why, it is I, Philip Lisle, Will, and here is Rose—thou wilt remember Rose, though she is no longer a little maiden, but grown almost a woman."

CHAPTER XI.

OF MY SECOND MEETING WITH ROSE LISLE.

Now it seemed to me when I heard Philip Lisle's voice, that I was walking in a dream from which I should presently wake to find myself elsewhere, so strange was it to meet with him and Rose standing almost where I had left them so many years before. Yet the strange thrill of pleasure which shot through my heart was no dream, and the clasp of Black Phil's hand was warm and real as he bent from his saddle to greet me.

"Hah!" said he, "I am glad to meet thee, Will Dale. Rose, give Will thy hand. How many years ago is it, I wonder, since thou and he rode together down yonder bank on horse Cæsar's back? Ye have both grown somewhat since then, and I have grown older and greyer."

Rose stretched out her hand to me and looked curiously at me in the moonlight. She must indeed have wondered to find the lad she remembered grown into such a strapping man as I was then. Yet she could not be more surprised than I was when I came to look at her in the full light of the moon. She had grown into a tall and stately maiden of gracious presence and rare beauty, in which I could still trace some resemblance to the child that had bent over me in the wood when I fell down from the storm-cock's nest. Now I had never until then looked much upon maidens, always having my mind intent on other matters, but I felt that having once seen Rose Lisle I could go on watching her dark eyes for ever. So we stood looking at each other in the moonlight, each no doubt

wondering by what magic means time had so soon wrought this great change in us.

"Will," said Philip Lisle, "and how goes the world with you, Will? I have never ridden this way since that sad night many a year ago, and I dare say ye have all well-nigh forgotten me."

"That, indeed, we have not, sir. We have thought often of you and of Mistress Rose here, and wondered why you brought her not to see us as you promised."

"Ah, lad, I have had much to do. My time has been spent far north, Carlisle way, this ten years. For dost know, Will, I had given up my old trade when I found thee kneeling by thy poor father's body that night. I have been a King's man since then, nay, I was even then upon the King's business. Rose and I have had a quiet billet in Carlisle this many years."

I was glad to hear that, and said so.

"But who knows, lad, how much longer it may be quiet! There is trouble afoot. You have heard of it, Will?"

"We have heard such news as travellers bring," I answered.

"There is war at hand, Will," said he. "War and no less. You have heard that the King and Commons are at daggers drawn. I fear it will be a great struggle, of which no man can yet see the end."

Now in our parts we knew very little of the discussion between the King and the Parliament, for news travelled slowly, and we had enough to do to look after our own concerns without troubling about those of our betters. Nevertheless, so unsettled had been the times during the past ten years that people had talked more than usual about the doings of those in high places, and we were thus somewhat familiar with certain great events which had lately happened. We had heard, for example, of the levelling of ship-money on the port towns which had caused so much ill-feeling throughout the country, and travellers had told us of the resistance offered to it by Mr. John Hampden and others. We had heard, too, of the harsh punishment meted out to Prynne, the lawyer, and to his companions Burton and Bastwick, whose path from the prison to the pillory in Palace Yard the populace had strewn with flowers. Then had come to us news of the disturbances in Scotland, where the King was fighting against numerous malcontents. Nothing but trouble and sorrow, indeed, seemed to follow the King at that time, and every traveller brought bad news of great affairs. The Earl of

Stafford had been executed. The House of Commons had passed its Grand Remonstrance against the King, who, in his turn, had impeached five of its members of high treason, and attempted to seize them in the house itself. Things, indeed, were in a sad state, and yet because we were a long way from London it seemed to us that we were out of danger and need do nothing but attend to our own matters and thank God that we had been born to quiet lives.

"Think you we shall hear aught of it in these parts?" I asked, thinking these matters over as I stood by Philip Lisle's horse.

"Nay, lad, I cannot say. But, hark ye, Will, I am on my way to Nottingham, where is to be a meeting of the King's friends this week, and I shall hear news there. And so little faith have I of returning to Carlisle yet awhile that I have brought Rose southwards with me. We came here but an hour ago, and Rose is going to stay with the old woman at the inn yonder for a couple of days until I return with more certain news."

"Nay," said I, "why should Mistress Rose stay at the inn when Dale's Field is so near? Mistress Rose, persuade your father to bring you up to Dale's Field. Come, sir, if you are in no great need to ride on, go up and sup with me. My mother and sister will be glad to see you once more, and they will welcome your daughter heartily."

"Thou speakest kindly, Will," said Philip Lisle. "What do you say, Rose? Wouldst rather stay with Mistress Dale than at the inn yonder?"

"I would rather stay with Mistress Dale," said Rose.

"Then we will go up with thee, Will. Indeed, man, I should have come to see thee but for fear of waking sad memories. It was but a sad time when I saw thy poor mother last. But now, here is Rose's horse at the inn stable. What shall we do with him?"

"I will send a man for him, sir," said I. "Make yourself easy about that."

So we went up the hill and turned in at the orchard gate of Dale's Field and went into the house. Parson Drumbleforth and Jack had gone homeward, but Ben Tuckett had gotten himself a few days' holiday and was to stay with us over the festivities, and him we found making himself agreeable to my mother and Lucy. I led Philip and Rose into my mother's parlour and

fetches her in to them from the great kitchen, whispering to her who our visitors were and what I wanted. And she, receiving them with hearty hospitality, would not be content until they sat down and ate and drank, and she sent Lucy off to prepare a chamber for Rose, and herself pressed Philip Lisle to remain overnight with us and continue his journey next day. But to that he could not consent.

"Indeed," said he, "I ought to be an hour on my journey now, and should have been, only I must needs linger on the bridge saying farewell to this maid of mine until Will yonder comes up and presses me to enjoy your hospitality, Mistress Dale. And glad enough I am, I assure you, to leave my Rose in such good hands for a day or two, for 'tis but poor work for young maidens to stay at a wayside inn, though well enough for old campaigners like myself."

"We shall take good care of her here, sir," said my mother, stroking Rose's hand with her own as she sat by her. "Please God you will bring us back good news, for we need better than we have had lately."

But on that point Philip Lisle could say nothing certain. Presently he rose and bid my mother and Lucy farewell, and kissed Rose, and I went out with him and walked by his horse's side to the gate, where he stayed a moment to speak to me.

"I may return this way, Will," said he, "to-morrow night, or next day. When I come I shall have news. Say nought to any one, lad, but I fear that there are great things at hand."

"You fear war?"

"Aye, and such war as is worse than war 'twixt two nations. It will be war of brother upon brother, which is a bad and sorry matter. However, let us do our best. Fare thee well, good Will, till I come again."

And with that he shook Cæsar's bridle and rode away into the moonlight, and I stood there until the sound of the horse's hoofs died away, and then went indoors to find Lucy and Ben Tuckett telling Rose about our doings that day and of the grand entertainment we were to have on the morrow.

Now to see Rose Lisle sitting there in my own house by my mother's side was to me the greatest delight I had ever known. For it seemed somehow as if Rose and I were old and familiar friends, though, indeed, we had only met once in all our lives, and that many years before when we were but boy and girl. I

could not choose but look at her as she sat there talking to my mother, and I wondered if there were any other maidens in the world who were half so fair as she. I had never forgotten how she looked that afternoon when I tumbled out of the elm-tree, having kept the memory of her fresh in my heart. Then she was a little dark-eyed, gipsy-looking maiden, with a merry laugh and an arch way of looking at you. Now she had become tall and stately and graver of face, but she was more beautiful, and when she smiled I saw the old arch look in her dark eyes. Very often she glanced at me as I sat watching her, and it seemed to me that a man could have no greater happiness than to have such eyes for his light all through life.

Now Ben Tuckett was nothing if not soft-hearted, and when my mother and Lucy had taken Rose to her chamber, what must he do but pull his chair up to mine and begin to pour out his sorrows into my ear.

"Will," said he, "I know you are in love with Mistress Rose yonder, for no one who is not blind could fail to see it."

"You can see more then I can, then, Master Ben," I answered. "Why, man, I have never seen her since she was a child until this night."

"No matter," said he. "Time is nothing to a lover. You see your sweetheart, and it is all over in an instant. Why, Will, your eyes were upon her every minute of the time!"

I made an impatient movement, not being inclined for this sort of conversation.

"However," continued Ben, "I am not going to talk of that, having other matters which are perhaps more interesting to me. Will, dear lad, hast ever noticed how it is with me?"

I knew quite well what he was aiming at, but I was willing to jest with him a little.

"Nay," I said, "what is it, Ben? You are certainly not so fat as you were, but 'tis the hot weather that has pulled you down."

"You will jest, Will. But there are other matters than hot weather that pull a man down. Though as to being fat, I am not sorry to see myself going thinner. I had rather be a bean-stalk than a butter-tub. But seriously, Will, have you any objection to me for a brother-in-law?"

"Nay, lad," said I, "not a whit. I love thee, old Ben, just as I love Jack and Tom, which is to say, as if ye all three were brothers of mine already."

He shook my hand heartily at that, and said he was sure of it.

"You see, Will," he continued, "I am now out of my apprenticeship, and my old master, having had enow of trade, is minded to give up his business to me, so that I shall be my own master in future and doing for myself. And so, lad, having loved Lucy this many a year, I shall now ask her to marry me."

"I wish you success, Ben," I said. "You will get a good wife."

"No better," said he, "in all the world. Oh, Will, 'tis a rare thing to be a lover. The world seems a new place to a man in love, even if he be such a humdrum individual as I. Well, ye will not be long out of love yourself, Will. Mistress Rose's dark eyes will be too powerful for you."

But I dare not think of ought of that sort yet, for Rose seemed to me like a young goddess whom all might admire and reverence, but none claim for his own. Yet I thought much of her that night, for the excitement of the day had made me restless, so that I could not sleep, which was a rare thing with me. However, I paid for it next morning, sleeping two hours over my usual time, and waking to find that it was already seven o'clock, and the sun high in the heavens. When I went downstairs I found that Lucy and Ben Tuckett had gone into the barn to make some arrangements for the evening's festivities, and that my mother and Rose were in the garden, which my mother was very fond of showing to her visitors. There I joined them, and found Rose more attractive than ever in the fresh morning light. Presently my mother went indoors to hurry on the breakfast preparations, and Rose and I were left together. And of what we talked I know not, save that it was about ourselves, and that I could have stayed there for ever, listening to her voice, and watching the smiles come and go on her sweet face. And then I suddenly remembered the primrose she had given me years before, and led her to the corner of the garden where I had buried it in my lead box.

"Do you remember, Mistress Rose," I said, "the primrose you pinned in my coat that afternoon, and the guinea your father gave me when he carried you away? Let us see if they are still where I put them."

I got a spade, and began to turn up the soil, which had never been disturbed since the day I buried the lead box there.

Presently I turned it up to the light, and placed it in her hands, and bade her open it, while I looked over her shoulder to see how the treasures had fared.

"Oh!" she cried; "see, the primrose is still unfaded, and here is the guinea. And you have kept them all these years. But was it not a strange place to keep them, where you could never see them?"

"Why," I said, "it was the only place I could call my own. Let me put them back, and do you put another flower in the lead box, and we will dig them up again at some future time, and see how they fare."

"What shall I put in?" she said. "There are nothing but roses now, I think. This red rose?" and she put it with the primrose, and shut the box, and gave it back to me with a merry laugh, and watched me carefully bury it again. Then, as we were going back to the house, she said, "I, too, kept some of the primroses gathered that afternoon, and they are pressed between the leaves of an old book at home. Some day, perhaps, I shall show them to you."

That made me very happy, for I saw that Rose had not forgotten the day when she first met me in the woods above the old mill, but had thought sometimes of it and of me.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE FIRST TIDINGS OF WAR.

THAT day was an eventful one to us at Dale's Field in more than one way. As soon as breakfast was over we had to commence our preparations for the evening's festivities, which were to be on a larger scale than those of the previous day. Everybody was busily engaged, and there seemed some difficulty as to what should be done with Rose until she offered to help my mother.

"For I know something about these matters, Mrs. Dale," said she, "and will help you if I may, and you will command me. I dare say you will find me of some use where all are so busy."

And therewith my mother furnished her with a large apron and set her to dust the best china, which was a great honour,

as I presently told her, no one but my mother ever daring so much as to touch those priceless cups and platters.

"Then indeed, I am highly honoured," she said, while I stood there and watched her graceful fingers move about the things. "But you, Master William, is there nothing that you can do? For you seem to be the only one who is doing nothing."

Now I ought to have been riding round the fields at that moment, but I felt compelled to stay where I was, why, I know not.

"There is nothing that I can do," I said. "I am so awkward and clumsy that they trust nothing to me. If you like I will help you to wipe these dishes, Mistress Rose."

"Nay," she said, "if you are so awkward as all that I fear the poor dishes would come to the ground. But why do you not help your sister and Master Tuckett to decorate the barn? I saw them go across the fold a few minutes ago with a basket of flowers."

"They will be as well pleased at my absence as with my company," I said, "or better."

"And why?"

"Because two is company and three is none, and Ben and Lucy are very fond of each other's company."

"But surely there must be something you can be doing," she said. "A man should never be idle."

"I am well enough here watching you," I answered.

"If you watch me, I shall be sure to let the china fall, and then your mother will be sorry she entrusted it to my hands. Now, see, there is a young gentleman riding into the yard; you must go out and see him."

"Nay," said I, glancing out of the window, "'tis only Jack Drumbleforth, our parson's son. He will find his way in here readily enough without my meeting him."

And presently indeed we saw Jack striding across the fold in the direction of the kitchen-door, which he threw open a minute later with a cheery salutation. I can yet see his start of surprise and the astonished look on his face when he found me leaning against the wall talking to a beautiful young lady whom he had never seen before.

"Come in, Jack," said I. "Let me present thee to an old friend of mine, Mistress Rose Lisle. Mistress Rose, this gentleman is my old schoolmate, Master John Drumbleforth."

Then I stood smiling upon them, while Jack made his best bow and Rose curtsied to him in the finest fashion.

"Mistress Rose," said Jack, still astonished of face, "I am your most humble servant. What Will here says of me is indeed true, for we were lads together. But he did never tell me of his old friend Mistress Rose Lisle."

"Master Dale is jesting with you, sir," said Rose. "He hath nothing better to do this fine morning when we are all so busy."

"Nay," said I, "'tis true enough. Did I never tell thee, Jack, of how I fell from the elm in Went Vale yonder and was ministered to by an angel?"

"But that is many years ago," said Rose, "and the angel was a little girl in a red hood."

"But nevertheless it was Mistress Rose Lisle. So that I was right in saying an old friend, eh, Jack?"

"I am not sorry thou didst fall out of the elm-tree, Will," said Jack, "if it made Mistress Rose friend of thine. I have had many a tumble myself, but I never fell in fortune's way. However, there may be a chance, now. Will, what dost say if I go to the wars?"

"To the wars? Man, thou art to be a parson."

"Time enough for that when we have done with fighting. For fighting there will be ere long, so sure as my name is Jack Drumbleforth."

"Have you heard some fresh news, sir?" asked Rose.

"Nay, mistress, nothing very fresh, save that it is said the King and Commons have come to an open breach at last, and that blood will certainly be shed. Hah!" said Jack, taking down and looking lovingly at my ancient broadsword, "I am afraid there is more of the swashbuckler about me than the parson. I did ever love a fight, Will, as you know. Well, there will be heads broken."

"But which side wilt thou fight for, Jack?"

But at that he shook his head. It was a question which puzzled many men at that time.

"Nay, lad, that I cannot answer yet awhile. I am for the monarchy, of course, for there is warrant for that. Yet I would hear something of the other side of the question before I take sword in hand. Mark thee, Will, there will be many a man in England take sides in this quarrel who knows nothing of what he is fighting for. It will be enough for such that they fight."

Which saying was true enough as events proved. But we had no time to discuss it then, for my mother entered the kitchen, and bade us both begone for idlers, at which Rose laughed, and we perforce departed into the fold.

"Zounds, Will," said Jack, when we were clear of the house, "it is not like thee to have kept the fame of Mistress Rose Lisle to thyself. Ah! thou hast a keen eye for beauty, my old friend Will. Well, I wish thee good luck. I will dance at thy wedding, an' I be not killed first."

"Why, man," said I, "have I not told thee I never saw Mistress Rose yonder but once, when she was a little maid that high, and I a great boy with a thick head? It is soon to talk of weddings."

"May be," said he, "but if thou art not falling in love with her, call me a Dutchman. I know the signs, Will. What! I was in love myself at Oxford with Gillian, the pastry-cook's daughter. Poor Gillian—the lightest foot, I think, that ever trod a measure, and could make you the sweetest tarts I ever set tooth in. Well, I am like to be happy with ye here at Dale's Field, for there are Ben and Lucy looking unutterable things at each other in the barn, and thou wilt be sighing like furnace ere long. As for me, I shall never marry, Will. An' I survive the wars I will take orders and live in some sweet spot where I can compose madrigals and sonnets to Phyllis. I flatter me that I have as pretty a taste in that line as man need have."

"Thou seemest resolved that there shall be some fighting, Jack."

"Why, yes. For, dost thou not see, the land is now in such a state that heads must be broken ere ever things will heal? 'Tis a sad business, but war there must be."

Then we went to our respective duties, Jack to superintend certain arrangements which he had taken upon himself, and I to ride round the farm on my horse, in which usual task I spent two hours, so that the morning was far advanced when I returned to the house. Ben and Lucy were still busied in the barn, in which we were to dance that evening, and very fine they had made it look when I put my head in at the door to peep at them. The walls were ornamented with green stuff; there were seats all round for the old folks, and such as did not dance; and there was a raised platform at one end for the fiddlers to sit on. Calling my approval to Ben and Lucy,

I went round the buildings to the garden, where I expected to find Jack. There, indeed, I did find him, leaning against the wall with his coat off and his ~~hat~~ pushed back from his forehead, his kerchief in one hand, and a tankard of ale in the other. And there in front of him, laughing at some joke of his, stood Rose, bearing a trencher, on which stood a jug from which she had just filled Jack's tankard. When she saw me she set down the trencher, and ran away to the kitchen, returning presently with another tankard, which she filled and offered to me as I came up to them.

"Mistress Rose," I said, "I know not why it is, but surely our ale never tasted half so fine as this."

"Well said, Will," said Jack. "That, indeed, is just what I thought. For mark you, I have been toiling so hard that my mouth was dry as a bone, and I could not forbear imploring Mistress Rose to bring me a tankard of ale. And indeed 'tis nectar, and Mistress Rose is Hebe, and we are gods."

But Rose laughed, and ran away, and Jack and I were left alone.

"Jack, Jack!" I said. "I fear me thou hast a soft heart. What, dost not know the way to our cellar thyself long before this?"

"There is a deal in service, lad. I cannot away with your ugly waiter who sets down your pot with a scowl on his ill-favoured countenance. But a Hebe with eyes like violets, and a shape like Spring—why, the liquor seems to leap divine in the pewter. 'Tis a beautiful maiden, though, Will, and a good, and will make thee such a wife as a man should pray for. Ah me! it must be a fine thing to be wedded to a good woman."

"Thou speakest as if thou wert married to some old shrew," said I.

"Why, in one sense, Will, I am, for I am married to myself, and what worse partner can a man have? I am neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. However, I may be good enough to go to the wars and handle a pike."

So the day wore on, and at last all my preparations were made, and it was time for our guests to arrive. We were all arrayed in our finest clothes, and looked, I think, very grand, especially Ben Tuckett, who had brought with him a new lace coat which was very fine indeed, and much admired by everybody. There had been much consultation during the day between Lucy and Rose, for the latter had brought but a simple gown

and riding-habit with her upon her travels, and she was puzzled how to honour my coming of age in a fitting manner. However, she and Lucy were much of a size, and at last Rose appeared in a white gown that Lucy had lent her, and looked so beautiful in it that Jack and Ben and myself were struck dumb with admiration, and swore amongst ourselves that we had never seen so fair a maiden, though Ben immediately afterwards recanted, and said that he must on consideration give the palm to Lucy.

My mother had insisted on asking all our friends and acquaintance to honour us with their presence, and by six o'clock in the evening there was quite a large assemblage on our lawn, and our stables were full of horses ridden by their owners from a distance. When we were all assembled, we adjourned to the great kitchen, where we were able to accommodate nearly one hundred guests, and there we all sat down to supper, I again sitting at the head of the table, with Parson Drumbleforth on my right, and Lawyer Hook on my left. And after dinner there were speeches made, and my health was drunk, and I was loudly congratulated. But I thought somehow that Jack had the best time of it after all, for he sat next to Rose, and talked to her constantly. However, as I found out afterwards, the honest fellow was sounding my praises in her ears all the time, which was just like him. After supper was well over, we walked about on the lawn and in the orchard for a time, while Jack Drumbleforth and Ben Tuckett saw to the lighting of the lamps and candles in the barn. This done we all went thither, and the fiddler being supplied with a jug of ale was bidden to ply his elbow merrily for a country dance. Then arose within me considerable wonder as to which of my guests I should ask to dance with me. This question Lucy settled to my satisfaction by saying that as Rose was the greatest stranger I should lead off the dance with her. So then I had the great happiness of leading Rose out into the middle of the floor, and Ben Tuckett led out Lucy, and the others followed in due course, and the fiddler scraped away with his bow, and we all felt as happy as children. But just as we were beginning the first steps, and Rose was laughingly showing me what to do next, for I was no great hand at it, I heard the sound of a horse's feet on the stones in the yard. And then I saw Philip Lisle coming in behind the people, dusty, travel-stained, and tired. Rose and I made for him through the

throng. The people gave over dancing, and the fiddler stopped with his bow in mid-air.

"What news?" I cried, for I saw that he had news. The people crowded round him to hear his answer. He stayed on the threshold, and raised his hat.

"God save the King!" he cried. "His Majesty raised his flag at Nottingham against his enemies, the day before yesterday. God save the King!"

Now there were some that echoed Philip Lisle's cry heartily. But there were others who said nothing and looked very grave, while Parson Drumbleforth shook his head sadly, saying that the kingdom which is divided against itself shall not stand. And thus the red shadow of war suddenly loomed over all our merry-making.

Reviews.

I.—ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.¹

MANY biographies of St. Aloysius have been written at various times and in different languages. So admirable an example of wondrous sanctity and angelic purity cannot be too often brought before us; and several new biographies have been called into existence by the approaching tercentenary of his death. One of these is from the pen of Father Meschler, whose name is no unfamiliar one to those of our readers whose acquaintance with the German language enables them to read and appreciate the beautiful devotional works of which he is the author. In his Preface, Father Meschler modestly remarks that he has nothing new to tell respecting the life of the Saint. But he has a new way of telling what is already known, and his narrative, if compiled from the same sources which have furnished the matter for previous biographies, possesses the peculiar attractiveness which he knows how to impart to all that he writes. Moreover, in relating the history of St. Aloysius' brief career, he is careful to depict his surroundings, and the distinctive features of the times in which he lived, and in the light of these to speak of his character and conduct. Father Meschler also draws as much as possible from the letters and writings of the Saint, a complete collection of which was published two years ago in Italy. The book is intended principally for the edification of young students, of whom Aloysius is the patron and model, though it is equally well suited to every class of reader. It is divided into three parts: (1) the Saint in the world; (2) the Saint in the Order; (3) the Saint in Heaven.

With the incidents of St. Aloysius' life all are well acquainted. We know how he spurned the allurements of wealth, high rank,

¹ *Leben des hl. Aloysius von Gonzaga, Patrons der Christlichen Jugend. Zur 300 jährigen Feier seines Todestages. Von M. Meschler, S.J. Freiburg in Breisgau: Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, 1891.*

princely favour; how he remained pure amid the corruptions of the age, chaste amid the licence of a Court; how, when at the age of seventeen years he entered the Society of Jesus, he excelled in every virtue befitting his state, and yet, in his humility, dreaded lest he should not be retained on account of his uselessness to the Order, of which he is now one of the most brilliant ornaments. Perhaps we are less accustomed to think of him in Heaven, where St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi in an ecstasy beheld him occupying so exalted a place that she exclaimed in astonishment: "Oh, how great is the glory of Aloysius, the son of Ignatius! Never could I have conceived it, had it not been shown to me. It appears to me that there is no greater Saint in Heaven!" These utterances of the holy Carmelite need not surprise us, seeing that St. Aloysius shines with a two-fold lustre—that of innocence and of penitence; he ranks among the Blessed who have led on earth an Angel's life, as well as among those who by mortification, austerity, and penance have won the crown promised to the conquerors in the fight.

We conclude with a brief extract from Father Meschler's memoir, although we are conscious of failing to do justice to the charm of the narrative in the original. He is speaking of the period immediately preceding St. Aloysius' death, when he was prostrated by the fever contracted whilst nursing the sick.

The joy and longing wherewith he was animated were increased by the following circumstance. One evening during a conversation with Father Bellarmine, he inquired of him whether he thought that any souls went straight to Heaven, without entering Purgatory. Father Bellarmine answered in the affirmative, adding that it was his opinion that Aloysius would be one of these happy souls; since, by his own account, God had lavished on him so many and great graces and favours, He would surely not deny him this privilege also. On hearing this, Aloysius was so overwhelmed with joy and delight, that he fell into a kind of ecstasy which continued throughout the night. This blissful night, he acknowledged on the following day, had seemed but a single moment. During this rapture, it appears, God revealed to him the hour of his death, for from that time forth he told several of the persons who visited him, that he would die on the octave of Corpus Christi.

Outward circumstances seemed to confirm this inward certitude. His illness increased rapidly, so that Father Vincent Bruno, the infirmarian, informed him that, humanly speaking, there was no more hope of recovery for him. Thereupon a brother-religious coming to see

him, Aloysius greeted him with the inquiry, "Did he know what joyful news he had just received? Within a week he would die;" and he begged this Brother to recite the *Te Deum* with him in thanksgiving for this grace. To another religious he said: "I shall depart with joy, the greatest joy." In fact so deep and so heartfelt was the joy he evinced, that all the bystanders were moved to tears. (p. 226.)

Shortly after the dying Saint dictated this last letter to his mother:

Pax Christi!

The grace and consolations of the Holy Spirit be with your Excellency. Your letter found me still in the land of the shadow of death, but I am now about to go to praise God for ever in the land of the living. I thought that I should have departed ere this, but the force of the fever having somewhat abated, my journey heavenwards has been slower than I expected. In consequence of a cold on my chest the fever has again increased, and I am advancing slowly and surely to the embrace of my Heavenly Father, wherein I hope to rest in safety for ever. Now since, as St. Paul teaches us, charity requires us to weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice, your joy, my honoured mother, must be great on account of the mercy our Lord God shows you in my person, by summoning me to the abode of true happiness, with the certainty of possessing Him for ever. I acknowledge that I am lost and confounded when I contemplate the Divine bounty, an ocean without bottom and without shore, in calling me to eternal rest after labours so little and so light; inviting and bidding me to the enjoyment in Heaven of that supreme good after which I sought so negligently, and promising me so rich a reward for the few poor tears I have shed. Take heed then, and beware lest you offend against our merciful God, as you certainly will if you mourn as dead one who lives in the blissful presence of God, and who can help you with his prayers far better than he could here below. Our parting will not be for long, we shall see each other again on high never more to be separated, since we shall be united to our Redeemer, praising Him with all our power, and extolling His mercy to all eternity. (p. 227.)

2.—FORTY DAYS IN THE HOLY LAND, BEFORE AND AFTER.

Mrs. Mitchell has given us a delightful book. There is but one thing in it that is a drawback to the pleasure with which Catholics would read it, and it is, that unfortunately the author does not believe in the visible unity of the Catholic Church.

¹ *Forty Days in the Holy Land, before and after.* By Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell. With six illustrations. London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1890.

Her hypothesis is shown by her saying of the Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem that "anybody can see that Bishop Blyth longs to show how truly Catholic the Church of England is, and to claim for her an equality with the old historic Churches of Christendom." But the hypothesis that practically schism is no sin, and again that schismatics are Catholics, is by no means obtrusive in Mrs. Mitchell's pages, and the spirit of her narrative is as devout and Catholic as could be wished.

It is wonderful to see to what Ritualism is bringing English Protestants. How long ago could the following story have been written?

One afternoon a little adventure happened to me in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I got separated from my party in the courtyard, and was beckoned by a Greek or Russian woman into one of the numerous chapels near. I thought she saw me looking about for the others, and was showing me which way they had gone. No such thing. She was anxious to show me the interior of the chapel and some icons. Numbers of Greeks were inside, and more followed us. They all knelt, made the sign of the Cross, and kissed one of the icons. They motioned to me to do the same. I had not the slightest objection. When, however, I made the sign of the Cross, the spectators shouted, "No, no!" and seemed offended. For a moment I could not think what was the matter, but then I remembered that I had made the holy sign in the Latin manner, from left to right, whereas the Greek manner is from right to left. This was soon rectified, and I made the sign after their fashion. They shouted applause, and said inquiringly, "Greek, Greek?" I said, "No, English Church;" and to my surprise, instead of looking disgusted, they said, "Ah! English good! Good, good! English!" and then I was allowed to depart in peace. (p. 113.)

The author's kindly spirit and sympathy with "the old historic Churches," is shown by her remark on the Protestant lady who has charge of the British-Syrian schools at Baalbec. "I honour her work, but wish she would not speak of Latins and Greeks as 'nominal Christians.'" (p. 161.) And again, "I was very sorry to have had so little opportunity of studying the Greek service and ritual. There is much to be learnt, and much that is admirable; but on the whole the Latin Liturgy comes more nearly home to a Western mind; and from what I hear, there is far more spiritual life in the Latin Church than in the Greek." (p. 194.)

It is not often that English Protestants have written in this tone, and the change is very welcome. Mrs. Mitchell says, "It was very beautiful to see the simple devotion of the pilgrims.

Many of them were realizing their life's aspiration, and had saved up money for years to make this journey." (p. 40.) Nothing can be pleasanter than to feel the reverence with which this lady and her friends visited the holy places. "We paid our visit to the Holy Sepulchre, which we did every day with ever increasing joy and reverence." (p. 50.) Of their first visit Mrs. Mitchell says :

After we had gazed upon many other reputed sites of holy story, we went up nineteen slippery, well-worn steps to Calvary, where, under an altar, a hole is shown wherein the true Cross stood. Just above the hole, and under the altar, is a gorgeous gold and silver tablet. On each side a fissure in the bare rock is shown, which is very remarkable. All controversy seemed hushed as we knelt upon this sacred place—the place believed in and revered by all Christians for hundreds of years as the scene of our redemption, and only questioned in modern days, when everything is questioned. (p. 41.)

There is something extremely sensible in Mrs. Mitchell's dislike of the modern fashion of disputing every local tradition. The Panorama of Jerusalem, now being exhibited in London, would have been extremely interesting, if the ancient traditions had been respected; but as it is, the picture is entirely spoiled, at all events for Catholics, by the change of localities. Our author has our full sympathy when she says, "I wish people would not invent new 'holy places.' For my part I feel with Selim, the first dragoman who showed me about Jerusalem: 'Do you think our Lord would have left the right place all this time to be discovered by one Englishman in these last days?'" (p. 117.)

A few words about Gethsemane are equally admirable.

Down the hill we went, and soon came to dear holy Gethsemane. The venerable olive-trees moved our hearts, and we prayed beneath the oldest one, so old that it has to be supported by stones. Many sweet flowers are in that holy garden, tended by a Franciscan friar, gentle and kind. There is a little pond within the enclosure, and round the garden is a white palisade, and outside this the Stations are placed, so that those who wish can make the circuit of it, saying the devotion of the Stations of the Cross. I could not help being very thankful for the care the Franciscans bestowed upon this sacred spot, and those who wish that it was still an open desolate space, with only the olive-trees upon it, scarcely reflect upon the manner in which it would be overrun, and the venerable trees cut up by relic-mongers. As for the minute traditions about its neighbourhood, that here the

Apostles were left, and there the three fell asleep, and there again Judas advanced to point out our Lord, of course they can only be regarded as pious opinions; but there is no reason to doubt the Garden itself. (p. 53.)

Very true; but then of course if that is the Garden, you can hardly be there without asking yourself in what part of it these events took place, if the past lives again in your mind. For this Mrs. Mitchell is excellent. The past lives again to her, and she helps us to picture to ourselves the present state of the sacred scenes.

After a little rest, M. and I walked out by the Zion Gate, and round the walls, across the brook Kedron, to dear Gethsemane. We had made friends with the Franciscan friar, and done a little bargaining about plants and flowers. We also begged some olive leaves, and some of the fearfully long thorns of the acacia-tree, which are supposed to be of the same kind of thorn as those of the crown which was placed on our Lord's head. The plants which travellers bring from this garden hardly ever thrive on English soil. The sun has not power enough to ripen the seed properly, and all one's efforts to preserve these remembrances are generally futile. We made great friends with this good Franciscan, and had a very happy time. We prayed in the Grotto of the Agony, and then walked home through St. Stephen's Gate and up through the town. On our way we entered the quiet little chapel of the Flagellation, and had some calm, peaceful moments there. An old friar was reading his Breviary by a lamp, and watching the place with great care. These are the quiet places which people must seek out if they wish to spend a little time in meditation; the more frequented haunts are hopelessly thronged in Holy Week. (p. 107.)

We have given our readers a few specimens from Mrs. Mitchell's book, but we would recommend them to read the whole. They will say with us, we do not doubt, *Talis cum sis!* For such sympathies, and such a spirit, there is but one home. *Utinam, utinam!*

Mrs. Mitchell was not happy about the state of her own Church in Jerusalem. It "has been worked," she tells us, "in the extreme Low Church manner," and though all she says is very kind and respectful, her discomfort is evident. "The altar is extremely bare and unfurnished, and the Ten Commandments in Hebrew are over it." "Some years ago—about 1840, I think—the Church of St. Anne was offered to the English, but we were, as usual, too stupid to accept it, and it now belongs to the French." On Good Friday the English Church service "was as cheerful as an Easter service. We had no Litany,

everything was chanted, and the *Te Deum* sung. The altar was vested in a red frontal. Everything in this church is very peculiar, and seems arranged as a *protest* against the customs of other historic Churches; but under Bishop Blyth it is to be hoped that things will gradually improve. God give him grace to persevere in his most difficult post." "He comes into a compact organization, which, owing to its long association with the Prussian clergy, is permeated with German Protestantism, and has been supported by two of our most Puritanical societies. The men in possession are older than himself, and he is in a most difficult position, for he cannot bear to hurt the feelings of those who are spiritually minded and full of prayer, and yet anybody can see that he longs to show how truly Catholic the Church of England is, and to claim for her an equality with the old historic Churches of Christendom."

Nothing less! This is not the view taken of Anglicans by any of the religions that meet in Jerusalem, and it may be doubted whether it ever will be. Our author gives us a specimen of the value set on Anglican Orders. We should, however, like to hear more of this Chapel of St. Abraham, and who the authority is that even here permits Anglican "priests to celebrate."

We went to the Chapel of St. Abraham, a dependency upon the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and here, Dean Hale says, English and American priests are allowed to celebrate. It is outside the church, and up most filthy steps, and through most filthy passages, and we felt that the Dean was thankful for small mercies.

3.—THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.¹

No book more suitable for reading during the month on which we are now entering, can be found than Father Tickell's *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary*, the Disciple and Apostle of the Sacred Heart. It is based on the record of her life written by her own hand in obedience to her director, and in completeness, simplicity, and fidelity, is one of the best memoirs of this singularly favoured nun that have been published in English.

The life of Blessed Margaret Mary is so intimately connected with the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, which it was

¹ *The Life of Blessed Margaret Mary.* With some account of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. By the Rev. George Tickell, S.J. Third Edition. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1890.

her special mission to make known and to promote, that it may almost be said to be identified with it. From her very infancy she began to be prepared for this mission: an intense love of our Lord took possession of her soul at an early age, and continually occupied her thoughts. And as human affection is the fuel of human sorrow, so this Divine charity that inflamed her was attended by acute sufferings. When about ten years old, she had to be removed from the care of the religious to whom her education had been entrusted, in consequence of a severe illness, which confined her to her bed for four years, and entirely baffled the skill of the physicians. Of this she was miraculously cured by our Blessed Lady, to whom she consecrated herself. Thereupon another and a worse trial came upon her, for, her father being dead, and her mother sick, she had to endure persecution from the persons who had charge of the house, and often lacked the necessities of life through their cruel and tyrannical conduct. This she bore with exemplary patience and humility for the love of God, as well as the additional trial which awaited her when she reached the age of eighteen years, and her mother, whom she tenderly loved, urged her with importunate pleadings to marry, as a means of escaping from the painful circumstances in which they were placed. About this time our Lord revealed Himself to her in a state of suffering, attracting her powerfully to offer sacrifice for sacrifice, to suffer in imitation of Him in order to repair the outrages of sinners against His Divine Majesty. The austerities she inflicted on herself were such that she could hardly eat or breathe. All the leisure allowed her she spent in prayer, her desire to abandon the world and give herself unreservedly to the service of God in religion becoming ever stronger. At length, after a long struggle with her relatives, Margaret was received into the little monastery of Paray, May 25th, 1671, in her twenty-third year. By a mysterious interior attraction she had been led to choose the Order of the Visitation, although till then she had scarcely known it by name. It was only fitting, as Father Tickell remarks, that it should be a Daughter of St. Francis of Sales, the Saint most eminent for the virtues that are learnt in the school of the Sacred Heart, to whom was confided the work of establishing the Devotion to the Heart of Jesus, a devotion foreshadowed in the emblem chosen by the holy founder for the Order, a heart pierced with two arrows, and encircled by a crown of thorns.

On Blessed Margaret Mary's entrance into religion, our Lord gave her to understand that He took possession anew of her heart, and claimed it entirely for Himself. The graces and spiritual consolations she received were so great as to fill her with confusion, and bring upon her many a rebuke from her Superiors, who told her such extraordinary ways were foreign to the spirit of the Order. This caused her much grief, and she tried to withdraw herself from them, but in vain. Our Lord, showing her His Sacred Heart, manifested to her His desire that she should not only learn from It the science of Divine love for the profit of her own soul, but draw from It treasures to be communicated to others. On one occasion, Blessed Margaret Mary writes :

After Holy Communion He presented Himself to me as the *Ecc Homo*, all torn and disfigured. . . . "If you knew," He said to me, "who they are who have reduced Me to this condition, your grief would be greater. Five souls consecrated to My service have treated Me thus. I have been dragged by strong cords through a narrow place beset with sharp points, nails, and thorns, and they have brought Me to this state."

On my feeling a great desire to know the meaning of these words, our Lord explained to me that the cords were the promises by which He had bound Himself to give Himself to us ; their strength was His love ; the narrow spaces were hearts ill-disposed ; and the sharp points the spirit of pride. He presented Himself to me, and told me to kiss His wounds, in order that I might relieve the pain. (p. 114.)

At other times our Lord invited this chosen soul to participate in His Agony, to atone for the injuries He received from sinners, or to bear the burden of His justice, ready to fall on a faithless religious. In consequence of the suffering she endured she fell into a severe illness.

Mysterious is the vocation to be a victim of reparation. It is a mystery not given to all the world to read aright, and it is easy to believe that even those Sisters who admired the virtues of Margaret Mary, hesitated to receive the new devotion she desired to establish. Others, more severe in their criticisms, regarded the mission she had received as an illusion. St. Teresa, that unrivalled mistress of the interior life, describes with great feeling the suffering she endured from misapprehension and opposition on the part of pious persons. She considered it one of the severest trials to which one can be exposed in this life. Most distressing it was to Margaret Mary to be treated as a

visionary, and she feared lest in fact the devil might be deceiving her. But our Lord relieved her fears, and sent one of His faithful servants to aid her in the accomplishment of His designs. In the commencement of the year 1675, Father de la Colombière came to Paray-le-Monial as Superior of the House of Jesuits in that town, and to him Margaret Mary opened her mind. He was a man of clear discernment, and his guidance was a source of great consolation to her during the two years he remained there. As is well known, with great zeal he spread the Devotion to the Sacred Heart both in England and in France, and inculcated upon his penitents to set apart the first Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi as a special feast in Its honour.

The history of Blessed Margaret Mary's trials, interior and exterior, the influence she had upon her Order, the manner in which she unceasingly drew priests and persons living in the world to adopt and propagate the devotion which it was her special mission to establish, is told in full by Father Tickell. She never lost courage or relaxed in fervour, and it would be difficult to know which most to admire, the wonderful favours and graces she received from our Lord, or the fidelity wherewith she corresponded to them. She died in the forty-second year of her age. The physician who attended her in her last illness told the Sisters that in her they had lost the most perfect religious he had ever been acquainted with, and that he did not doubt that they possessed in her a powerful advocate with the Sacred Heart in Heaven.

It is to be regretted that the printer has not allowed the sheets to dry before pressing them, as the pages of this book are in many places much disfigured by the ink having come off on the opposite side.

4.—FAITH AND UNFAITH.¹

Mr. Kegan Paul has done well to republish in a separate volume a number of Essays contributed by him to various Reviews. They are in themselves very interesting, and derive an additional interest from the fact that they were written at the time that his religious opinions were in a state of transition. The first of them, "Faith and Unfaith," is a balancing of the

¹ *Faith and Unfaith*, and other Essays. By C. Kegan Paul. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1891.

various motives which guide the currents of thought that are blowing steadily in the direction of Catholicity on the one hand, and a suspension of judgment as to the supernatural on the other. The main contention of the Essay is that unless the modern disintegration of dogma is to be accepted as a sufficient reason for saying frankly that we must at present "wait patiently, content not to know," the only logical alternative is the full acceptance of Catholic dogma. In illustration of this thesis, a number of the doctrines of the Catholic Church are adduced, and shown to be in no way more open to objection than those which all who call themselves Christians profess to accept. In defence of the doctrine of Indulgences, Mr. Kegan Paul fetches up from the memory of Eton days a most curious and exact parallel:

Some years ago there was an usage at Eton, which seemed to the present writer, when only a boy of thirteen, exactly, though perhaps unintentionally, framed on the lines of ecclesiastical indulgences. The "Remove" was a part of the school in which geography and history were especially studied, and the making of maps was a weekly exercise, to which an importance was attached beyond their real value as a means of teaching. The masters of this form, and, as far as I remember, of this form alone, were in the habit of giving what were termed "exemptions" for well-executed maps. A small piece of the corner of the map which deserved praise was torn off, signed with the master's initials, and handed to the artist. Perhaps a day or two afterwards the same boy was accidentally late for school, and ordered to write out fifty lines of Virgil as a punishment. When the time came for producing the lines, he presented instead his "exemption," which was accepted without a word; his previous merits had gained him an indulgence. I have some impression, though my memory in this serves me but imperfectly, that the transfer of exemptions was at least tacitly allowed, even if not directly sanctioned, but I speak under correction. If it so chanced that a graver fault had been committed than the mere venial offence of being late for school, talking in class, or the like, and that the offender then presented an exemption, not only was it not received in lieu of punishment, but the very pleading the excuse was held to deepen the fault; and here, on a lower ground, was all the distinction between mortal and venial sin. (pp. 24, 25.)

He also deals with just severity with the open Bible of Protestants:

Of all the absurd notions which ever obtained large sway over the human mind, perhaps the most singular is that a Supreme Being, who for ages had spoken to men by direct communication, or by ministers

and prophets having a special gift of His own Spirit, who at the last sent His Son with a message, should, when He recalled that Son, have simply put the record of all these transactions in a book, and given to none any authoritative power of interpretation. Conceive a codification of the laws of the realm, without judges to declare, interpret, and administer, or a work on medicine which, without training, without study of physiology or anatomy, every one should understand as he pleased; yet an uninterpreted Bible is more incoherent, more monstrous than either of these. (pp. 27, 28.)

The second Essay is on Thomas à Kempis, giving a sketch of the author's life and some very telling proofs of his having thought in Flemish, though he wrote in Latin. We are not sure that we quite agree that *Qui multum peregrinantur raro sanctificantur* refers exclusively to pilgrimages. We are inclined to think that it has a wider meaning, and is intended to warn monks against gadding about too much (whatever their motive might be), instead of remaining quietly in their own monastery.

The third Essay, on Pascal's *Pensées*, is thoroughly appreciative of the classical grace of Pascal's style, and the depth and beauty of his "Thoughts." Mr. Kegan Paul's defence of the Society of Jesus is scarcely one that its members would accept, but we have no right to find fault with it, written as it was when he was still outside the Church. He also does not quite clearly distinguish between the *fact* of the well-known miracle of Port Royal and the conclusion that was drawn from it. The fact that Jaqueline Perier, Pascal's niece, a child of ten, was miraculously cured by the touch of one of the holy thorns from our Lord's Crown of Thorns, seems certain, but to conclude from the occurrence of the miracle within the walls of the Port Royal Convent, that therefore God approved the Jansenist doctrines taught there, is quite unwarrantable. The Voice of God, so far as it can be said to have spoken through this miracle, testified to the faith of the child on whom it was worked and to nothing more.

We have not space to notice all the Essays in this interesting volume. In "The Production and Life of Books," we recognize the work of a man who thoroughly knows his subject, and the Essay on "English Prose Style" carries with it the weight of belonging to the utterances of one who is himself a master of style; while the story of Jean Calas tells of a *cause célèbre* in which religious controversy was strangely mingled with a charge of brutal murder. Lastly, "What we know of Shakspeare,"

tells of the great poet the slender facts that are within our reach, and brings out the chief inferences that we may draw from his plays and sonnets respecting him.

5.—LIFE OF FATHER PETER JOHN PERPIÑAN.¹

This book will be welcome and useful to many scholars interested in the history of education. It is too much the fashion nowadays to look upon every latest proposal of educational reformers as an entire novelty. The idea of making instruction for the children of the poor completely free is treated as revolutionary and socialistic by one party, and as a proof of nineteenth-century enlightenment by the other; they seem to forget the fact that more than three hundred years ago a vast scheme of free education for rich and poor alike was started by St. Ignatius Loyola, which rolled back the tide of the Reformation. The great difference between the two movements is that what has now to be done by State taxes was then done by local and individual munificence. In 1551, the Roman College began with thirteen pupils in a small house at the foot of the Capitoline; in 1555, the students were two hundred; in five years more they were eight hundred, and the College was moved to a new building, the gift of Victoria Tolfia Countess Ursini. This was a model, not only for more than six hundred Colleges of the Society of Jesus founded during the next one hundred and fifty years, but also, to a large extent, of the whole system of Catholic secondary and higher education in modern times. In 1561, Father Perpiñan, a native of Valencia in Spain, went to the Roman College to teach Rhetoric. He was one of the most distinguished humanists of the day, an enthusiastic propagator of classical culture. He first instituted that system of competition and public distribution of prizes which is still a prominent feature in most schools, drawing up careful rules by which the examinations were to be held. By this institution, and also by his book, *On the Method of Teaching Youth*, he laid down the lines on which the *Ratio Studiorum* of the Society was compiled about thirty years later. His great maxim was, *Lege, scribe, loquere*; and the education of that period, whatever

¹ *De Vita et Operibus Petri Joannis Perpiniani.* Disserebat P. B. Gaudeau, S.J. Parisiis: Apud Retaux-Bray.

faults may be found with it, was certainly thorough. Our great difficulty to-day comes from a source which did not exist then, the multiplicity of subjects of study which by one claim or another force themselves into our curriculum. It is fostered by our public examining boards, the London University and Civil Service Commission; and while these are at such hopeless variance as at present with the older Universities, it is impossible for anything like a uniform system of education to exist in the country. Many would perhaps say, "So much the better." Certainly such a splendidly symmetrical system as was founded by Father Perpiñan and his fellow-Jesuits is now, and perhaps always will be, impossible.

6.—THE INTERMEDIATE STATE BETWEEN DEATH AND JUDGMENT.¹

It was remarked by De Maistre, that Purgatory was one of the foremost pretexts of rebellion against the Church in the sixteenth century, the plea being the preservation of the doctrine of eternal punishment; but that by the usual fate of heresy, when the rebels became philosophers, they took to denying the unending pains of Hell, retaining only a temporary substitute for purposes of moral police. They quarrelled with the Church first to get rid of Purgatory, and quarrelled with her later to establish a Purgatory only. Alongside, however, of this reaction, there has arisen amongst members of the Anglican Establishment a tendency of some to return towards Catholic doctrine by reconstructing for themselves out of Scripture, or the testimony of primitive writers, a belief, a theory, or a view, concerning the intermediate state of souls.

The most recent writer on this subject is Canon Luckock, who received no little counsel and encouragement in his work from the late Canon Liddon. Eleven years ago appeared his first work upon the subject, entitled *After Death*, in which he handled three important questions connected with the intermediate state, viz., (1) the lawfulness of praying for the dead; (2) the grounds for believing in the intercessions of the dead on our behalf; and (3) as a consequence of this belief, the legiti-

¹ *The Intermediate State between Death and Judgment.* By Herbert Mortimer Luckock, D.D., Canon of Ely, sometime Principal of Ely Theological College and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1890.

macy of the practice of addressing appeals to the dead for their help or intercession. To the first and second he replied in the affirmative, but showed less confidence about the third, or the direct invocation of saints. In the present volume he proceeds to deal with some kindred questions, and tries to build up a scheme of doctrine on the intermediate state. The former book was praised by the *Guardian* for its "moderation, sober, calm candour, and fairness," and it is impossible not to feel a kind of sympathy with a man who approaches the subject in a reverent spirit, and with an evident and almost instinctive yearning for some less dreary and appalling doctrine than that which sends all departed souls in the instant of death to their eternal doom.

It seems, however, that the good Canon is, after all, only a "Patristical Protestant," ultimately relying upon his own private judgment concerning the meaning of the Scriptures and of passages occurring in ecclesiastical writers down to the era of the fourth General Council, in the middle of the fifth century. By a necessity of his position, he treats all distinctively Roman doctrine as a corruption, and seems to attach but little weight to the words of any Father later than the fourth Council. There is no real attempt to prove this, but Roman interpretations are quietly set aside, with some such remark as, "These passages are capable of other interpretations." So full is his mind of anti-Roman prejudice, that he calmly says :

If we could remove the many subordinate evils, which have made the Roman doctrine of Purgatory a by-word, and leave only the dominant idea, which underlies it, of a progressive cleansing commencing immediately after death, and lasting on till the work is complete, a great end would be gained. (pp. 69, 70.)

What then is the Canon's view, which is to supersede all others as most "agreeable to the mind of Christ"? It may be briefly, we hope not unfairly, stated as follows :

The life of man is designed to be passed in three distinct spheres—in the body, in the spirit, and in the risen state. The middle state, characterized as "in the spirit," lasts from the moment of departure from this life till the final judgment of all mankind. No soul before that day can enter Heaven—*i.e.*, enjoy the Beatific Vision. No saint or martyr is admitted to the sight of God until the consummation of all things. The disembodied soul is in all cases in a conscious state, though when we say in all cases, we must not be taken to include the souls of

the lost, for the Canon does not treat of their condition, nor apparently admit the doctrine of the Particular Judgment. It is in peace, and with Christ, yet it is undergoing a purification of some kind, which seems to consist of gradual and progressive moral, mental, and intellectual development, which includes the purification of the soul and formation of the saintly character. There must be spiritual suffering in this process, but that venial sins are expiated, or the yet unpaid penalties due to forgiven mortal sin exacted, seems too close an approximation to Roman doctrine to be admitted. The sense of rest, peace, security, floods the soul with joy, and the pains of purification, never incompatible with it, diminish as holiness progresses, until all pain passes into joy unspeakable. Such joy arises from being with Christ, from being admitted to the vision "face to face" of the Second Person of the Ever-Blessed Trinity, though the true beatific vision of God the Father is withheld until the Day of Judgment. Having thus disposed of the souls of those who have had their probation here, the Canon is met with difficulties with regard to the possibility of salvation for the heathen in the intermediate state, and for those quasi-heathen who in Christian lands have lived pagan lives, "not from wilful resistance to proffered grace, but from simple ignorance of a better way"—the submerged tenth, we presume, who make up Darkest England. On the one hand, he sees that the doctrine of a second probation is inconsistent with Scripture; on the other, he hopes for the future recovery of such souls, on the ground, apparently, that they had "no probation" in this life, and that the conditions of the other world, and especially the absence of all carnal temptations, must make their conversion easier, by adding to the winning power of the influences in favour of accepting God's will, and by proportionately weakening the inducements to resist it.

Our Catholic readers will see in what an inextricable jumble of heresies and contradictions even so well-intentioned and well-read a writer as the Canon involves himself when, without the gift of faith, and without the guidance of the living voice, he sets himself to evolve from Scripture and the ante-Nicene Fathers an eschatology of his own. What does the poor man mean by separating the Persons of the Godhead so that direct vision of one does not involve direct vision of the others? Before setting to work to correct Roman subordinate errors on eschatology, he should look to himself and his own soundness

about the Trinity in Unity. And we must confess that we are at a loss to characterize his admission of the untenableness of a second probation, and at the same time his assertion of the tenableness of the possibility hereafter of recovery and conversion for those who, to his mind, cannot be said to have had any probation here. Such positions are really nothing else than a contradiction in terms, though we believe Canon Luckock to be wholly unconscious of the fact. We cannot commend so blind a leader to any one who wishes to find Catholic truth concerning the intermediate state. *Cæcus autem, si cæco ducatum præstet, ambo in foveam cadunt.*

7.—THE DRAMA OF EMPIRE.¹

The work before us is of modest size, but it treats of a vast subject. It purports to give a comprehensive survey of the social and political development of the human race, from its origin until its (approaching) end. This survey is not so much made on new lines, as based on a new and somewhat startling hypothesis. The *Drama of Empire*, or story of the ages, commences, according to Mr. Adams, on a different stage to that on which we have been accustomed to view it. The exact site of the Garden of Eden is, we are aware, a question upon which some difference of opinion exists amongst geographers and Biblical exegists, but all agree in alleging it to be in Persia, or some part of central Asia. Mr. Adams thinks that the cradle of the human family is in Africa. In the interior of the Dark Continent, whither Mr. Stanley has recently penetrated, he has descried, on tracing the storied Nile to its source, an immense plateau, abounding in luxuriant vegetation, watered by four mighty streams which have their rise within its limits. This he believes to be the traditional home of primeval man; to quote his own words,

It is impossible, surely, not to be struck even at a cursory glance, with the numerous points wherein this latest-discovered portion of the globe—the abode of the pigmies, that is, it would seem, of a remnant of one of the earliest races—resembles the Scriptural account of the home

¹ *The Drama of Empire.* By W. Marsham Adams, B.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co. Limited, 1891.

of primitive man. The position of the Garden situated to the east of Eden (not identical with it according to the common confusion), the abundance of animal life in all its noble forms, the single river watering the spot, the quadruple system surrounding it, the land of Havila (more properly Chavila in the Hebrew) where there is gold, the abundance there of the sesame, in Coptic belbile, which seems the same as the Hebrew betele (translated as bdellium), the adjacent country of "stones of richness," the windings of the second river through Ethiopia, no less than the unshamed nakedness of the man and woman, the covering first of leaves, and afterwards of skins, the diet of fruit, the noonday heat, the evening coolness, the thicket of refuge, the prominence of the serpent, and the infliction of labour as a curse, are all characteristics of this interesting locality, and unite in it alone. (p. 32.)

It appears somewhat venturesome to put forward a theory which is at variance with the consensus of opinion amongst the learned, but Mr. Adams makes out what seems at first sight a very plausible theory. The natural features of the highlands of Africa are but one of many arguments he brings forward. Some of the classic myths and the legendary lore of mankind he asserts, becomes clear only when referred to Africa. The high antiquity ascribed to the civilization of Egypt, a civilization which increases as the river is ascended southwards, is to his mind a proof that colonization was not from the north. The oldest monuments of our race, the most ancient sanctuary of which a trace remains, are the ruins situated near the confluence of the two Niles, "the temple known as that of Ammon, the great Father of all." And on its walls is sculptured a mystic symbol resembling an ark, which would point to this valley, the seat of primeval settlement, being also the scene of the Deluge, caused by the abnormal and catastrophic extension of the tropical rains to that region.

In regard to the ethnological proofs he brings forward, it is not always possible to agree with Mr. Adams; and when he touches upon philology, one is compelled to join issue with him. The most eminent linguistic authorities tell us that the Aryan is the primitive language of man, and the evidence on this point appears incontrovertible. Mr. Adams does not, we think, distinguish sufficiently between radical and surface similarities in words and nomenclature. One is accustomed to consider the tide of colonization to have set westwards, but in the *Drama of Empire* it is represented as a general radiation outwards of the various families of mankind, as more space was needed by

increasing numbers. The Delta of the Nile was the focus of this diffusion ; an hypothesis which argues a very early knowledge of the art of navigation.

In respect to the distribution of the descendants of the three Patriarchs, Mr. Adams considers that "ethnology becomes involved in a maze of the most contradictory statements, and flounders hopelessly in a bog of bewildering arguments." (p. 47.) He "marshalls the multitudes" and sends them forth (after the confusion of tongues) to occupy their several territories according to what he considers to be the natural laws governing the diffusion of the race. For the deterioration of the parent stock in the locality of its origin, he does not account. He cannot surely wish us to regard the African negro, the brutal fetich-worshipper and cannibal, as a type of our first parents.

In the remaining portion of the book the development of human organization is considered ; the pagan world in its social, political, and family relations ; with its religion, "a strange foreshadowing of the Christian faith ;" the destruction of the Roman Republic, the "thousand years" of the Holy Empire, the reconstruction of Europe, and its history up to the present time. The grand drama of Empire, we are told in conclusion, is quickly tending to a consummation ; humanity is converging towards Africa, the overflowing multitudes are pouring in upon the land that gave them birth, and in the approaching convulsion their cradle will become their grave.

8.—THE HIDDEN LIFE OF JESUS.¹

M. Boudon, Archdeacon of Evreux, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, was one of those hidden saints who, misjudged and falsely accused during their life, leave after them an odour of sanctity which, after two centuries have passed away, is more fresh and fragrant than ever. Nor is this odour of personal sanctity in the case of M. Boudon a mere tradition, keeping up his memory and recalling him to our recollection in connection with the history of the Church of France. It lives in

¹ *The Hidden Life of Jesus*, A Lesson and Model to Christians. Translated from the French of Henri-Marie Boudon, Archdeacon of Evreux, by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. Third Edition. London: Burns and Oates, Limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

a number of ascetical works, having no pretension to rhetorical finish or beauty of style, but possessing keen insight into the heart of man, and power of arousing devotion that cannot fail to recommend them to the pious reader. The volume of which a new edition has just been published, has a title which does not fully explain its contents. The *Hidden Life of Jesus* is generally applied to the time spent by Him in the retirement and obscurity of Nazareth. But in M. Boudon's treatise it has a far wider application. It embraces the whole life of our Lord on earth, and also His life in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, in His Holy Mother, and in the Saints. It discusses the various perfections which were united in God made Man, and shows how careful He was to hide them all—His origin, both temporal and eternal, His natural qualities, His power, offices, graces, dignities, Divine Mission—and not only to hide them, but to hide them under their contraries. He hid the honour due to Him under contempt and disgrace, His power under utter feebleness, His wisdom under the appearance of folly. The first half of the book is occupied in tracing out these various points in detail, applying them as means of remedying the evils of the society in which M. Boudon's lot was cast. The second portion treats of the *Hidden Life*, the esteem we ought to have of it, and the resistance we should offer to the spirit of display, and the use we should make of humiliations, sufferings, and neglect. The general principles laid down are as applicable now as at the time when this book was written, and many of the evils of which he complains are, unhappily, still as prevalent as ever. For instance :

A great servant of God in our times, the late M. De Renty, used to say that he was convinced that the greater proportion of our evils proceeds from our taking pleasure in seeing and being seen ; that this dangerous amusement conceals a venom most detrimental to the progress of the soul, although it does not perceive the injury or feel the wound ; that what sullies the purity of acts of piety is that self-love desires to have them known and observed ; that we always exhibit ourselves in the best light, and hide our defects and the reverse of the picture ; that our whole exterior is so studied, that our interior is often more occupied therewith than with God ; and that there are few persons who do not care about the vain regard of creatures either in a passive or in an active way. (p. 101.)

This book was one of the volumes for spiritual reading chosen by Father Faber many years since, and of which only

one, Lallemand's *Spiritual Doctrine*, has hitherto appeared. Mr. Thompson translated it some years since, and we hope that its reissue may make it more generally known.

9.—GLENCOONOGUE.¹

The readers of *THE MONTH* will need no introduction to the volumes before us, since *Glencoonoge* has already been published in its pages. It will not on this account meet with a less warm welcome, now that it reappears in the more imposing shape of a three-volume novel, bound in a handsome green cover, upon which is stamped in gold the national emblem of Ireland. Every one knows how pleasant it is to take up again a book one has thoroughly enjoyed, almost as pleasant as to revisit places where one has spent a happy time, or to meet with friends whose society is congenial. The scene of the story is one far removed from the bustle of the busy world, but it affords ample room for the drama of human life with its many vicissitudes, for the exhibition of those human passions, those human hopes and fears and joys and griefs which make up the sum of human existence. Apart from the interest of the plot, and the easy, vigorous language in which the story is narrated, *Glencoonoge* affords an admirable picture of Irish country life. Only one who has been in Ireland and mixed with the people, can appreciate how true to nature are the descriptions of scenes and men and manners; how faithful is the portraiture of the kindly but quick-tempered peasantry that people the picturesque hamlet among the hills, their easy but not disrespectful familiarity, their racy humour, their true-hearted simplicity and hearty good nature.

The narrator of the tale, a Mr. Shipley, does not himself act a very prominent part. He is the son of a Liverpool capitalist, and visits *Glencoonoge* for the purpose of recruiting his health in the agreeable surroundings and pure air of that favoured spot. On the way he meets with a fellow-traveller, who is journeying to Ireland in search of a sister, lost sight of during his absence of some fifteen years in Australia. The only clue to her whereabouts is the post-mark on a letter, written about twelve months previously, stating that, unable to bear dependence

¹ *Glencoonoge*. A Novel. By R. B. Sheridan Knowles. In three volumes. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1891.

on the bounty of others, she has obtained a situation in Ireland, but giving no address. This individual is destined to reappear at an important juncture in the story, but at the outset he speedily vanishes from sight, while Mr. Shipley takes up his quarters in the humble hostelry of the village that gives its name to the book. He has been there some years before, and finds little altered, except that a young Englishwoman, demure and reserved, now fills the post of book-keeper, and is courted by the "Boots," an attractive, manly young fellow, but peppery withal, and not pleasant to deal with when an affront is offered to himself or his friends. At first the "Book-keeper," whose social standing is superior to his, will not listen to him; but when he is laid up through an injury received in defending her from insult, she finds the young peasant has made his way to her heart. She is alone in the world and penniless, and "Conn" loves her warmly and is ready to lay down his life to protect her; therefore when on his convalescence he renews his suit, she does not say him nay. Conn's hopeless love had been an open secret and a standing joke in all the country-side for some time past, and great is the merry-making when the wedding takes place. The "frolic" is excellently depicted; but we think the best part of the whole book, the one most characteristic of Catholic Ireland, as well as the best specimen of writing, is the chapter wherein the Protestant stranger gives his impressions of Sunday in that secluded region. Throughout the week quiet broods over hill and valley, but once a week the neighbourhood is alive with cheerful bustle; from all around the people trickle like mountain streamlets down the hillsides to swell the throng that pours along the road to the chapel in the glen.

The farmer is on horseback with his wife; his daughter, or his sister behind him, holding on to his coat, or more timidly with both hands clasping his sides, or sitting in easy security with no support. The labourer has on his clean shirt and his waistcoat with linen sleeves. The country woman is magnificent in her hereditary cloak, under which she carries the good stockings knitted by her own two hands, and the stout pair of boots that have lasted her for many a long year, in which, glory be to God! when close to the chapel she will encase her graceful feet in honour of the place she is going to—little suspecting and little caring how brightly her feet glance in their bareness as she walks, and not knowing how much she is indebted for her own and her children's shapely limbs and graceful carriage to the custom of her class in going unshod. . . .

In the curious churchyard, which is sometimes in the wood and sometimes in the open, between the trees were men and women kneeling at the graves or moving about, and here and there red cloaks flashing between the trunks. Some were decking their mounds with flowers brought from home or gathered by the wayside: others kneeling, with silent tears that glistened as they fell in the sunlight, renewed their remembrance of the departed. And in the middle of it all the word goes round that Mass is going to begin; for burly Father John has come, and tossing the reins to some one near at hand, has entered the chapel hurriedly, closed round upon and borne in by those who have watched his nearing approach.

What is the mysterious influence which pervades the tumble-down chapel filled with rustic worshippers? It is not the effect of magnificence or of antiquity. The structure is but seven or eight decades old, and is half-ruinous. The rafters just uphold the roof; the ivy from outside has forced its way in between the slates, and hangs down in many places a yard and more, or creeps along the white-washed walls. The altar platform is rickety and altar linen and furniture of the plainest. Yet services in cathedrals built of marble and decorated with masterpieces are not often so thrilling as that which now begins, as Father John, having vested himself behind the altar, comes forward, and kneeling at the foot, repeats in Irish and with the high sad cadence of voice peculiar to those parts, the avowals, familiar yet ever powerful with his hearers, of belief in the Almighty and His revelation, of hope in the life to come, and of love of God and the neighbour. (vol. ii. pp. 33, 38.)

Space does not allow us to continue the description of the service of the Mass, where the unseen spirit of faith, the fervent piety, pervading the hearts of the unlettered worshippers, makes itself felt even by the unbelieving stranger, nor the admirable discourse which the priest addresses to his hearers. Father Moriarty is a capital portrait of a country parish priest, truly the father of his flock, beloved, revered, trusted by them, always ready to help, to counsel, and if needs be to reprove; always merry and cheerful too, if not "rollicking," as his Protestant rival is wont to term him. The O'Doherty, besides, is evidently drawn from life, a thorough specimen of an Irish squire, good-natured, proud of his ancient lineage, hot-tempered and hasty, but ever ready to apologize. He is the owner of Glencoonoge Castle, and to his eldest daughter, whom Mr. Shipley remembers as one of the "ugliest girls ever created," but who has become a very charming woman, the visitor at "The Harp" pledges his affections.

The ingenious reader will doubtless have guessed, long before

the third volume is reached, that the book-keeper at the wayside inn is the lost sister of whom the mysterious stranger, known during his sojourn at "The Harp" only as "No. 7," is in search. We must not reveal the curious manner in which her identity was at length discovered, nor what were the feelings of her brother on finding that she was bound for life to a peasant stripling, and thus prevented from filling the station to which he hoped, in virtue of the wealth he had acquired, and in compensation for past neglect, to raise her. However, he becomes reconciled to his brother-in-law, and finally, on "The Harp" being put up for sale, purchases it for the newly-married couple as his wedding gift. Thus all ends happily; and as we turn the last page of *Glencoonoge*, our only regret is that we have come to the end of a thoroughly sensible and entertaining novel.

10.—WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.¹

A new volume of the Granville Popular Library has been sent to us, consisting of a tale translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, which we cannot recommend to our readers. It is the story of a young man, George de Fleynac, who, returning to Paris after a two years' absence, meets in a fashionable *salon* the girlish playmate and companion of his boyhood, transformed from a plain and angular *hobble-de-hoy* into an elegant and charming woman. She is married to a worthless profligate whom she detests, while for her former friend she cherishes a tender and profound attachment. He on his part is affianced to a brilliant beauty, who feigns affection for him for the sake of his wealth, since the poverty of the man she really loves prevents her union with him. The attentions of the latter, a gay man of fashion, she openly encourages after her marriage with M. de Fleynac, until she discovers that he is paying his addresses to another lady, the chief heroine of the tale, whose husband, the comrade of his scandalous life, he kills in a duel. Before this occurs, the Comte de Fleynac has discovered how sadly he has been deceived by his wife, and also perceives "what might have been" his happiness had he chosen as his bride the virtuous and refined, now widowed, friend of his youthful days. Then

¹ *What might have been.* From the French. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. (Granville Popular Library.) London: Burns and Oates, 1891.

comes the Franco-German War. George de Fleynac joins the Mobiles, and is dangerously wounded at Mans. His devoted friend, who since her husband's death has lived in seclusion under the guardianship of the old Comte de Fleynac, George's father, courageously confronts all manner of perils and hardships to rescue him. At last she discovers him concealed in a farm-house, where he has been carried at the point of death.

At the end of a little room, whose walls were yellow with age, stood a bed hung with old chintz curtains. The rest of the furniture consisted of a wooden table and straw-covered chair. But a good fire burning on the hearth, and a night-light floating in a glass full of oil, testified to the care these good people had taken of the sick man. Sténie went forward tremblingly and drew aside the curtain. Alas! alas! was this really George whom she had loved so much, whom she had come to seek in spite of so many difficulties—this livid almost skeleton form, with haggard eyes that stared but saw not?

To tell what she felt would be impossible. In that short moment she suffered all that it was possible for her to suffer, for she felt the conviction that she had come there only to see him die.

She knelt by the bed, and her soul went out in one agonized cry to God. Then getting up, she turned to the farmer's wife, who was still holding the candle, and whose kindly face showed how much she was touched by this terrible grief.

"Has a doctor seen him?" she asked.

"Yes, madame, two or three times, and he will come again to-morrow; we have great confidence in him. But he does not dare come too often, and besides, he says nature alone can cure him."

"You have been very good to our poor sufferer," said Sténie, with a sigh. "I will nurse him now; I shall stay here."

When she was left alone, she sat watching George for some minutes lying there perfectly unconscious, only quivering from time to time with paroxysms of pain; he gave no other sign of life. (p. 245.)

By her careful nursing Sténie saves her friend's life; she also prevents his being captured by the Prussians, and conveys him to her own home. But his health is purchased at the cost of her own; from the time of her return she gradually declines. A few days before her end, George learns that he has been freed by death from the worthless wife who has wrecked his life. The dying woman and the man who adores her pledge undying and eternal affection; she expires in his arms, or to quote the words of the author, "she breathed out on the lips of her well-beloved the soul which had always been his."

After Sténie's death, M. de Fleynac becomes a priest; and

the words describing his life when consecrated to God are such as we should have imagined no Catholic would ever have written.

Thinking always of his lost love, George awaits, while serving God, his Master and his Father, the appointed hour of deliverance and reunion !

Interesting as this book is in itself, it is quite unsuitable to be placed in the hands of the young. Earthly love, and that not always of the purest kind, occupies throughout the most prominent, not to say exclusive position in it.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE are glad to see that Father Nix has published another edition of his *Essay on Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the Most Pure Heart of Mary*.¹ He begins by tracing the devotion before the time of Blessed Margaret Mary, as well as its subsequent development. Then he passes to the nature of the worship paid to the Sacred Heart, its end, its methods and fruits, and concludes by devoting some twenty pages to the nature of the honour to be paid to the Most Pure Heart of Mary, and the connection between the devotion as paid to the Son and to His Holy Mother. The book, which contains about two hundred pages, is full of solid and valuable matter, and is intended more especially for priests and theological students.

We have received Parts II. and III. of the new edition of Elbel's *Moral Theology*,² edited by Bierbaum. This great Franciscan text-book is worthy of the illustrious Order to which its author and editor belong, and we rejoice to see that it is at length republished. It has the advantage of joining cases of conscience to the rules laid down, and these give it a practical interest and are of no small assistance, especially to one who uses it for private study and not as a text-book for the schools. We doubt whether the plan of bringing out such a work in

¹ *Cultus SS. Cordis Jesus*. Scripsit Hermannus Nix, S.J. Edita Altera. Freiburg: Herder.

² *Theologia Moralis per modum Conferentiarum*. Auctore Clarissimo P. B. Elbel, O.S.F. Edidit P. F. Bierbaum, O.S.F. Vol. I. Partes II. et III. Paderborn: Schroeder.

fasciculi, instead of in bound volumes, is a good one. It has advantages, but the purchaser, as a rule, prefers to obtain a text-book like this complete. There is a danger of some of the parts being lost, and it is tantalizing to search for the solution of some difficulty in the newly-gotten authority, and to find that the part containing it has not yet appeared. But the alternative is a very simple one—viz., to wait until the work is complete.

Although philologists of eminence have in recent times been forward to acknowledge that the science of language owes much to the labours of the pioneers of the Gospel in distant lands, the student of Oriental languages, of the various dialects of the American continents, or of the islands of Oceanica, is perhaps hardly aware that, with few exceptions, the grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies he makes use of have been compiled by the Catholic missionaries, principally Jesuits, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the interesting pamphlet which forms one of the Maria-Laach Series,¹ Father Dahlmann shows that the labours of the missionary deserve to be gratefully remembered in the records of science no less than in the Annals of the Propaganda. The manuals issued from the Jesuit Mission Press, compiled with indefatigable zeal and laborious research, are a storehouse whence are drawn treasures of knowledge in respect to the literature, language, and philosophy of Oriental lands. The linguistic exertions of the missionary in India, China, Japan, and America have been the means of preserving and perpetuating in writing many an aboriginal dialect; the object of advancing science, though secondary of course to the great work of evangelization, was considered of no small importance, and the excellent services they rendered in this respect reflect glory on the Church whose commission they bore and who formed them for the work.

Since authorized Catholic ritual is an official exponent of Catholic truth, it is natural that the Catholic Truth Society should give us, in one of its cheap and handy pamphlets, a bird's-eye view of Church music from the standpoint of authority. In *Apostolic Briefs*, &c.,² we are presented with (1) the Brief of Pius the Ninth, December 16, 1870, fixing the organization, general

¹ *Die Sprachkunde und die Missionen.* Von Joseph Dahlmann, S.J. Freiburg in Briesgau: Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, 1891.

² *Apostolic Briefs and Westminster Decrees on Church Music.* London: Catholic Truth Society.

scope, and chief particular aims of the St. Cecilia's Society; (2) the Brief of the same Pontiff to Herr Pustet, May 30, 1873, recommending the Ratisbonne edition of the Plain Chant to the whole Church; (3) the rules governing the use and non-use of the Organ, taken from the *Cæremoniale Episcoporum*, c. xxviii.; and (4) the 13th Decree of the Fourth Synod of Westminster, 1873, relating to Church music. To make a suggestion—might it not have been well to add a short explanation, from some competent pen, of one or two Rules from the *Cæremoniale*, the meaning of which has been lost to the unlearned, owing to their practice in the land having been so long and so widely in abeyance? This addition, it is thought, might have more thoroughly secured for the book in hand that character for popularity which the other publications of the Catholic Truth Society so rightly and successfully aim at. In all other respects there is room only for hearty praise of this unpretentious little work.

Few, even among educated Catholics, have any knowledge of the circumstances which led to the origin of the feast of Corpus Christi, or of the life of St. Juliana, whom God employed as His instrument in establishing it, as He employed Blessed Margaret Mary in the establishment of the feast of the Sacred Heart. We much need some popular books for our instruction on the subject. Such a book Mr. W. S. Preston¹ has just published, translating from the French the work of Dean Cruls, as a memento of his stay at Liege, the "city of the Blessed Sacrament, where St. Juliana spent her life, and where the feast was first celebrated in the Church of St. Martin." The volume is a most interesting one, and contains some beautiful photographic prints—one of the Church of St. Martin is the most perfect print of the kind that we have ever seen.

A second edition of Father Roder's *Recollections for time of Retreat*,² a little book intended for priests, will, we hope, have a wide acceptance. It will be found most useful by any priest who desires to avail himself of the opportunity offered him to reflect upon the defects of his past life and to make good resolutions for the future. The first three Considerations

¹ *The Blessed Sacrament and the Church of St. Martin at Liege*. By Dean Cruls. Translated by W. S. Preston. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

² *Considerationes pro Reformatione Vitæ*, in usum Sacerdotum, maxime tempore Exercitiorum Spiritualium. Conscripsit G. Roder, S.J. Editio Altera. Friburgi Brisgovia: Sumptibus Herder, 1891.

contain an examination of conscience; then follow a number of hints respecting confession, satisfaction, &c. Then come a number of Appendices on Meditation, Scrupulosity, Defects in the celebration of Mass, &c. The book is an excellent one to put into the hands of priests during their retreat. It is wonderfully cheap, for with 370 pages it costs only a shilling.

Mr. Gatty has written a very spirited and effective letter¹ on the Catholic question. His reply to the ordinary Protestant objections has the merit of being always put in a striking way and with a freshness of style that renders it very pleasant reading. It is the best appeal of its kind that we have ever seen to the common sense and fairness of those outside the Church. He seems to have forgotten nothing, and chooses most judiciously, out of the various possible replies to Protestant fallacies, the one most likely to make an impression. The style is clear and interesting, and there is an honesty and *bonhomie* about it which cannot fail to attract. It is all the better as coming from a layman, and one who thoroughly understands the temper of his fellow-countrymen. It is very moderate in tone, and incisive without being either aggressive or abusive. It is eminently suited for the removal of Protestant prejudice, and is popular without being shallow. It appeals to educated men and women as well as to the "people," and we hope it may have a very wide circulation, as we do not hesitate to say that it cannot fail to do immense good to all who read it.

We have received a volume of the *St. Andrew's Magazine*,² which we are glad to see has reached its fourteenth year. It contains a pleasant variety of travel, stories, religious articles, and poetry. Father Keatinge's "To India and back" is especially interesting and picturesque in its descriptions of Indian life.

¹ *A Letter to the People of England on the revival of the Catholic Faith in their midst.* By C. T. Gatty, F.S.A. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *St. Andrew's Magazine.* Vol. XIII. Barnet: St. Andrew's Press, 1890.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* pays its tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Windthorst in a graceful little poem. In the same number (April) a sketch is given of another champion of the Catholic cause, less renowned, perhaps, than Windthorst, but not less resolute in resisting the encroachments of a Protestant Government—Archbishop McHale. A patriot of the first order, he encouraged to the utmost the use of the Irish tongue in instructing the poor, knowing how much difference of language avails to keep a race apart. He also vigorously opposed the introduction of the National system of education, intended as it was to be a means of Protestantizing Ireland. In an article entitled, "The Intellectual Weapons of Social Democracy," Father Pesch gives the arguments employed by Karl Marx in a posthumous paper lately published in a socialistic organ, denouncing the very principles on which agitators of the present day seek to rest the visionary edifice of the future. Father Wasmann concludes his interesting essay on the antennæ of insects. He acknowledges that it is almost impossible for the human mind to conceive any idea of the singular capabilities and uses, the delicate perceptions of these organs, since there is nothing similar to them in the structure of vertebrate animals. They are an enigma even to the entomologist, who sees in them little more than a feature of distinction between certain species. The supernatural character of the miracle at Tipasa, an account of which recently appeared in the pages of the *Stimmen*, has been called in question, because several instances on record prove that articulate speech is not only possible, but has been known after the removal of the tongue. Father von Hoensbroech calls attention to the fact that the miracle is not that the Christians whose tongues the Vandals cut out spoke after mutilation, but that they spoke as clearly and plainly as before; whereas in other cases, after the loss of the tongue, articulation has been at the best imperfect and indistinct. Father Baumgartner contributes a critique of a collection of mystic idyls and songs of rare beauty and pathos by the poet Verdaguers, the reviver of Catalanian verse. Both in elegance of style and loftiness of conception, the writings of this modern poet are worthy to rank with the works of the best period of Spanish literature. Father Baumgartner's talents as

a translator of the poetry of all nations is too well known to need comment.

The biography of Dr. Heinrich, the late co-editor of the *Katholik*, is concluded in the current number. It speaks of his life of active usefulness in the diocese of Mayence, of his steadfast bearing at the outbreak of the Culturkampf, of his readiness to promote the Catholic cause in Germany, of his literary activity, and his exemplary private life. The loss of this holy and gifted priest is deeply felt by his Catholic fellow-countrymen. The advocates of the modern system of State education are wont to quote as an authority a certain Professor Herbart, whose writings, published at the commencement of the century, have hitherto been little heeded. The *Katholik* shows, that far from approving of undenominational schools, he acknowledges that religious instruction is a necessary part of the programme of studies, both in National and in High Schools; and that the secular teaching must be connected and in harmony with the religious instruction. In an article on General Booth's scheme, the *Katholik* expresses surprise at the credulity of the English public in supplying him so liberally with funds, and still greater surprise that some Catholics should give their support to a plan, the principles of which are totally antagonistic to the spirit of Catholicism. A short paper on the custom of the middle ages in Europe of providing indigent damsels with a dowry sufficient to enable them to marry, is intended as a refutation of the charge often brought against the Church of casting contempt on the married state. A proposal is made to publish a collection of the works of the best controversial writers of the sixteenth century, under the title of *Corpus Catholicorum*. The want of this has often been felt, as the Protestants have already published a *Corpus Reformatorum*, and it is to be hoped that the suggestion will ere long be carried into execution.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (980), under the title of "Errors, Lies, and Crime," animadverts upon the conduct of the Italian Government in regard to the extension of its protectorate in Africa. How disastrous, it remarks, has been the result of the efforts at colonization; how many lives, how many millions of the public money, have been wasted on the sandy shores of the Red Sea, the key, as it is boastfully called, of the Mediterranean; how many enemies have been made beyond the confines of the acquired territory. The *Civiltà* exhorts the new Cabinet not

to allow itself to be misled by the delusive representations of the Freemasons. In the following issue (981), domestic affairs, where the same dire influence is no less powerful, form the topic of the opening article. With the change of Ministry, the abandonment is predicted of the anti-Christian policy pursued during the last four years—a policy which has resulted neither in the internal prosperity nor external glory of Italy. There is to be a truce, it is said, in the warfare against the Church and the Supreme Pontiff: the religion of the State professedly, and of the nation actually, is to be treated with some measure of respect. To the *Civiltà* this recalls the days of primitive Christianity, when a period of tranquillity was succeeded by a fresh outburst of yet fiercer persecution. The exposition of the System of Physics of St. Thomas is continued in both the numbers before us. The subject under consideration is the physical laws of the universe, the place physics holds in speculative science, its nature, what it comprises, and the meaning of the name as applied to this branch of science; also the inertia and activity of certain substances, and the objections, general and special, raised against the theory here propounded. The conjectures of archæologists in regard to the bas-reliefs sculptured on the rocks in parts of Asia Minor, do not appear to the writer of the treatise upon the migrations of the Hittites, to afford a satisfactory explanation of these curious monuments. The interpretation he considers correct is that they commemorate the pacific conquest of Cappadocia by the migratory tribes, who are represented under the form of their respective deities, taking possession of the country, while the supreme divinity makes a treaty with the priest-king of the Asiatics on their behalf. The review of the Universal History of Cesare Cantù is continued: it treats of the Spanish Inquisition, against which the author brings three serious and unjust charges. The subject of the Natural Science Notes is the extinction, past and present, of animal species, and the causes to which it is to be attributed. An answer is also given to the strange question lately raised, as to whether the fossil organisms of geological periods may not have been created in their present form, instead of being, as is generally supposed, the remains of various genus and species now extinct, which peopled the globe at an epoch anterior to the creation of man.

